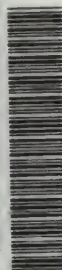


THE HISTORICAL
MAN OF NAZARETH

BRYANT

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Wilbur F. Bryant.

THE HISTORICAL MAN OF NAZARETH

...

BY
WILBUR F. BRYANT

...

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.

—Byron.

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WILBUR F. BRYANT
1907

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DEDICATION

To my children, Ita, Ethel, Eugene, Donovan Kleon and George, this little book is dedicated with the precious legacy of my faith.

THE AUTHOR.

QUOTATIONS

Satan c'st Christianisme.—*Voltaire.*

Christiani, Genus Hominum superstitionis novae et maleficae.—*Suetonius.*

The greatest and most sublime of reformers.—*Loria.*

Sokrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God.—*John James Rousseau.*

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's, sin.

—*Isaac Watts.*

The records of humanity present nothing that can be compared, however remotely, with the life of Jesus.—*Ranke.*

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

The blessed word *evolution* will not account for everything.—*Oman.*

And behold I am with you all the days, even to the consummation of the age.—*Christ Himself.*

Do not disgrace yourself as a philosopher by presuming to judge on questions you have never examined.—*Newton.*

Whatever resemblance there may be between the Hottentot and the monkey, the interval which separates is immense.—*Buffon.*

Their first lawgiver taught them that they were all brothers, when once they had committed themselves so far as to renounce the gods of the Greeks, and worship the *crucified sophist* and live according to his law.—*Lucian.*

And if Christ is not raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins. Then they also that are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in the life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.—*Paul.*

A Jewish peasant changed the religion of the world, and that without force, without power, without support, without one nat-

ural source, or circumstance of attraction, influence or success. Such a thing hath not happened in any other instance.—*Paley*.

Much profane wit has been expended on the miraculous means of Jonah's deliverance. . . . It requires less faith to credit this simple excerpt from Jonah's biography than to believe the numerous hypotheses that have been invented to deprive it of its historic character.—*McClintock and Strong*.

If a heathen come in, and hear you speak with several tongues, will he not say that you are mad? and certainly, it is little better when atheists and profane persons do hear of so many discordant and contrary opinions in religion; it doth avert them from the church, and maketh them to sit down in the chair of the scorers.—*Bacon*.

The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing religion as she descended from heaven, arrayed in her native purity. A more melancholy duty is imposed upon the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption which she contracted in her long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings.—*Gibbon*.

Holy Scripture and nature are both emanations from the Divine word; the former dictated by the Holy Spirit, the latter, the executrix of God's command. . . . I believe that the intention of Holy Writ was to persuade men of the truths necessary to salvation: such as neither science nor other means could render credible, but only the voice of the Holy Spirit. But I do not think it necessary to believe that the same God who gave us our senses, our speech, our intellect, would have us put aside the use of these, to teach us such things as with their help we could find out for ourselves.—*Galileo*.

Sic etiam, secundum ipsos, in sacris libris, plurima in re scientifica vel historica errore afficiuntur. Sed, inquirunt, non ibi de scientiis agi aut historia, verum de religione tantum ac re morum. Scientiæ illic et historia integumenta sunt quædam, quibus experientiæ religiosæ et morales obteguntur ut facilius in vulgus propagarentur; quod quidem vulgus cum non aliter intelligeret, perfectior illi scientia aut historia non utilitati sed nocumento fuisset.—*Encyclical on Modernism*.

In the sacred books there are many passages referring to science or history where manifest errors are to be found. But the subject of these books is not science or history, but religion and morals.

In them history and science serve only as a species of covering to enable the religious and moral experiences wrapped up in them to penetrate more readily among the masses. The masses understood science and history as they are expressed in these books, and it is clear that had science and history been expressed in a more perfect form, this would have proved rather a hindrance than a help.—*Translation of the foregoing.*

That such a person as Jesus Christ existed, and that he was crucified, which was the mode of execution in that day, are historical relations strictly within the limits of probability. He preached most excellent morality, and the equality of man; but he preached also against the corruption and avarice of the Jewish priests, and this brought upon him the hatred and vengeance of the whole Jewish priesthood. The accusation which these priests brought against him was of sedition and conspiracy against the Roman government, to which the Jews were then subject and tributary; and it is not improbable that the Roman government might have some apprehensions of the effect of his doctrines as well as the Jewish priests. . . . Between the two, however, this virtuous reformer and revolutionist lost his life.—*Thomas Paine.*

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Dear Donovan:

Because of your serious temperament, this letter is addressed to you. Possibly some parts of it may not be understood now. But, when *vixit* is all which remains of the writer, read this as the words of your departed father addressed to one in whom he feels the deepest interest. It may, or may not, be what I would say could I speak from the tomb, but it is written according to my present light.

The existence of God ought to be a moral certainty to every reflecting mind. The belief in one God—a God as distinct from the material universe as the builder of a temple is from the temple itself—is as firmly fixed in my mind as the consciousness of my own existence. Yes, it is a belief in one supreme, personal,¹ self-existent, omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent God, existing from eternity to eternity, without body parts or passions. Do not confound a personal God with an anthropomorphic God—the God of the ancient Israelite and those moderns, the Adventist and the Mormon, a God with hands and feet, a God with the faculties of memory and reason. No, all these imply limitation of presence, power and knowledge. It is freely confessed that God is incomprehensible. Were he otherwise, I could not believe in Him, as God. But a belief in any other God than the one defined—call it by what fine name you may—is, to my mind, practical atheism. David Hume² who, I am sorry to say, is now chiefly

¹A person is an individual substance of a rational nature.—*Boethius*.

²See note at the end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

remembered for his attacks upon supernatural religion, says in his *Natural History of Religion*:

"To any one, who considers justly of the matter, it will appear that the gods of all polytheists are no better than the elves and fairies of our ancestors, and merit as little any pious worship or veneration. These pretended religionists are really a kind of superstitious atheists, and acknowledge no being that corresponds to our idea of a deity."

Yes, from the very nature of God, it is impossible there could be another like him.

A savage of the stone age, looking at a metallic clock, seeing the movement, hearing the tick of the second and the stroke of the hour, would believe the clock a living thing, if he reasoned as the pantheist¹ reasons. But, if he adopted the logic of the materialist, he might philosophise as follows:

"This thing is governed by certain immutable laws; these laws are inherent; ergo, it is impossible to conceive of the material of the thing as distinct from the force that moves it, and *vice versa*, the impossibility recurs. Hence it is obvious that they—the material and the force—are inseparable. I can not destroy the material of which this thing is made. The force can not exist apart from the material, or the material apart from the force. The material and the force, together, constitute the thing which I see. No one could have made this thing, for it might have been possible to have made a better thing than this thing is. The thing never having been made, the material being indestructible and the material and the force being inseparable, this thing has existed from and will exist to eternity. It never had a maker, and it runs itself by certain immutable and inherent laws, which no one made."

Wild as this reasoning may appear, it is a fair epitome of Büchner's *Kraft und Stoff*, if we but substitute "material universe" for "clock."

My son, you have amused yourself with soap-bubbles. You know what they are. The Methodist Bishop War-

¹See note at end of this letter.—W. F. B.

ren, has compared our earth to an enormous soap-bubble suspended in space, as the ordinary bubble is suspended in the air. If the great Humboldt was right, that is to say, if the world is a ball of fire covered by a shell, thinner accordingly than an eggshell, then Dr. Warren's comparison is not a bad one. Professor Loomis thought sufficient steam might be generated in the earth to blow it to atoms. I remember an allegory of Victor Hugo's in *Napoléon le Petit*. He imagines himself and his reader in Russia; the Neva is frozen over; men go upon the ice, improvise and build a city; they stamp upon the ice, it is solid as rock, and they shout, "Long live ice." But the sun returns and with it spring, and the break-up of the river follows, bringing horror and destruction. Standing upon the earth, we know not what is beneath our feet.

But this is not all. You have seen a railroad train moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour—a mile a minute. If you ever rode at that rate, you felt safe only because you trusted the engineer. Think of this earth—soap-bubble, steam calliope or whatever it is—traveling about the sun at the rate of—not one mile—1,110 miles a minute, eighteen and one-half miles at every tick of the clock, and, in this space of time, it deviates from a straight line only $\frac{1}{9}$ of an inch, so immense is the earth's orbit. At the same time it is moving with the sun about some unknown centre, at the rate of eight miles a second. And this is not all. Traveling, like a spinning top, not upright, but with an inclination of $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, it whirls on its own axis at the speed of 1,000 miles an hour. In its journey about the sun, it never takes the same path twice. At times it slacks its speed. Then, like a living thing that has recovered its breath, it speeds on, swifter and swifter; again, as if wearied, it lags. With its hun-

dreds of active volcanoes and thousands of spouting geysers, an onlooker might be pardoned for mistaking it for a great steam-engine. But, regardless of distance and variant speed, it completes each circuit, always to a second, in the same space of time. The young Jew in Kingsley's *Hypatia* asks himself if the earth is not a huge animal and man a parasite. Had he known all that Copernicus, Galileo,¹ Kepler,¹ Newton,¹ Bradley¹ and Struve have taught us, his semi-pantheistic reflection might have made him a theosophist. But the tale is not yet told. Concurrently with these divers revolutions, systemic, solar and axial, the earth performs that St. Vitus dance which men call nutation, that is to say, the pole of the earth nods to the pole of the ecliptic 1,400 times in one revolution. Add to all these the unexplained phenomenon of the variation of latitude. This we know results from the change of the location of the terrestrial pole. If this proves the earth an elastic ball, it brings to mind Dr. Warren's soap-bubble theory; but it is claimed as an argument for the earth's solidity.² All these antics of our earth have such regularity that their recurrence can be predicted. Yet this soap-bubble, hanging upon nothing and flying about with more diverse motions than a umiak in a maelstrom, is our home. Are we, in railroad parlance, taking a free ride on a wild engine? Is there no God? Atheism is the gospel of despair. No, Kepler's laws must have an enacting clause—the fiat of the Eternal. There is a God who holds this chemical engine filled with explosives in the hollow of his almighty hand. I care not whether he governs by fixed laws, or by a continuous and universal providence. The discussion is

¹ See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

² Read the citation of Bishop Watson's remark on the geologist in the main text.—*W. F. B.*

profitless. Whether he be the clock-maker or the helmsman is immaterial. The earth passes equal areas in the same space of time without reference to lineal distance. Hence the difference in the rate of speed. We call this fact Kepler's second law. The philosophic savage before mentioned, noting that the hands of the clock moved over equal lineal distances in equal spaces of time, might call this phenomenon law, and himself an agnostic, and not cut as sorry a figure as the skeptic gazing upon the eternal clockwork of the skies. The argument for a maker of the universe is stronger than the argument for the maker of the clock. The latter is a clumsy imitation of the former. This argument from design is as old as Sokrates, and, since his day, has been repeated by numberless philosophers, from Paul to Paley.¹

And now come an army of philosophers to tell us that Sokrates, Paul and Paley are—in the slang of the day—back numbers. I have been expecting the antithesis of Milton would appear to sing the ascent of man, instead of his fall. I can imagine the invocation of his muse. Instead of "Man's first disobedience," we would have:

"Man is a biped of celestial shape,
A cross betwixt the angel and the ape.
That man was fashioned from a clod of earth
Bak'd in the heat of an Assyrian dearth,
No son of science in this age believes,
And none but bigot in his mind conceives.
How man from monad did primeval spring,
Through all gradations, help, O muse, to sing."

Peace to the ashes and glory to the names of our illustrious ancestors, the pismire and the tadpole!

The scientific skeptic will tell you that his sole quest is truth. If he would only stop with the truth! But you

¹See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

will find, on closer acquaintance, that no class of men—not even the poets—have such fructifying imaginations as scientists. The scientist's zeal for his science stimulates his imagination into morbid activity. The astronomers point to the waxing and waning polar caps of Mars, to Schiaparelli's canals and to the changing color of the alleged oases, and jump to the conclusion that the planet is inhabited by a race of Brobdingnags who have constructed a system of public works, beside which the seven wonders of the world, the Chinese wall, the trans-continental railroads, the sub-Alpine tunnels, the pyramid of Cholula and the puny attempts at irrigation by the Incas and Lombards, all combined, pale into lilliputian nothingness. I freely admit that those geometric figures traced on a continental blackboard, though no more wonderful than what the microscope reveals in every crystal, are not readily explained as natural phenomena. It is settled that they are not optical illusions. But the mean temperature of Mars is 2 degrees below that of Upernivik. Is not the burden of proof upon the man who asserts the probability or utility of irrigation in a climate whose mean temperature is 36 degrees Fahrenheit?¹ Grizzly bears are poor civil engineers, and the culture of Iceland moss would hardly demand or justify the employment of an army of Herculeans in a task whose cost would bankrupt a planet. I have not spoken of the objection of Stoney, the Irish physicist, to this canal theory, based on the kinetic theory of gases. He claims that water can not exist on Mars.

Geologists have read the pre-Adamic man into the strata of the earth. Now, allow me to suggest how much some of this may be worth. Perhaps you have read in

¹But Professor Percival Lowell says 48 degrees. See his article in *McClure's Magazine* for December, 1907.—*W. F. B.*

the account of the San Francisco earthquake of last year how a herd of cattle sank in a fissure which opened in the earth and which closed over them. How deep did they sink? Echo answers: "How deep?" Suppose they had been men, would such a happening account for the finding of a Calaveras¹ or a Neanderthal skull² a thousand years hence?

The ablest plea for the pre-Adamite which I have ever read is *Man in the Past, Present and Future*, by the German materialist Büchner. The industry of this author in the collection of facts is certainly praiseworthy, but his deductions are as gross a *non-sequitur* as the discourse of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*. Perhaps I am a bigot, but I can not avoid the conclusion that these men are trying to escape the stain of original sin by extending their pedigree. And I am disgusted with the Christian writers who will try to manufacture a theological mermaid in their vain endeavor to attach that monkey-theory to revelation. It is something which is not sustained, even by *prima-facie* evidence. You will find the unbelievers more credulous than the believers. Some time you will read about the Cardiff giant.³ Remember the

¹See picture and account of this skull, which is preserved in the Peabody Museum in Harvard College, in Winsor's *Critical History of America*, volume 1, page 385. But read Holmes's account in Smithsonian report for 1901. Holmes and McGee, it would seem, have left little to console the pre-Adamite theorists.—*W. F. B.*

²Discovered in 1856, near Hochdal, Germany. I have seen so many contradictory accounts of the locality and circumstances of the discovery that I know not what to credit. This skull has been credited by different scientists to everything, from an idiot to an ape. You can find an account of this skull in almost any work on palaeontology.—*W. F. B.*

³Dug up in October, 1869. It imposed on many scientists, but turned out to be the work of a rude stonecutter, and a greater fraud than the wild men from Borneo. See article by Andrew D. White, *Century*, volume LXIV. New series XLII, pages 948-955.—*W. F. B.*

name, and remember your father when you read the account. The cave of Aurignac¹ is inconsistent with what? Usher's chronology—that is all.

Boucher de Perthes² and those who came after him have produced some evidence of a very early man. Bel-larmine said, three hundred years ago, that if the Copernican theory of the universe was scientifically established, revelation would have to be copernically interpreted. So I think about the claim of Boucher de Perthes. I have no doubt of the truth of revelation. Let us cross the other bridge when we arrive at it.

It is not my purpose to wander from the subject in ridiculing science, as such. But the tendency of modern scientists is towards agnosticism. I have written of the Martian canals, the Calaveras skull, etc., as illustrating the untrustworthy quality of some scientific deductions. They tell us that Paley's *Natural Theology* is not up-to-date, because it assumes that some ultra-mundane being made man exactly as he is and placed him in the world exactly as it is, ergo, it does not meet the modern theory of evolution. Now, I am not going to attack evolution, for I believe in it, myself, to a limited extent. Let us meet these people with a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The existence of our sun is an impossibility, and I will prove it by a stronger argument than any agnostic ever advanced against the hypothesis of a God. If we allow a cube of ice of given dimensions to be melted in the sun at a place of mean terrestrial temperature, we can determine the number of heat units, the length of time

¹The cave of Aurignac, in the department of Haute Garonne, France, was discovered in 1852. The time at which seventeen skeletons found therein were living human beings has been variously estimated.—*W. F. B.*

²See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

and the amount of coal combustion requisite. Then let us imagine a circular shell of ice of the thickness of the cube about our sun at the distance of this planet. The amount of heat thrown from the sun into space in any given time is thus easily determined; and we learn that, had that sun been made of anthracite coal, it would have burned out in less time than popular chronology assigns to human history. There is no rational theory for supplying its heat.¹ The existence of such a thing as a sun is absurd—there it is in mid-heaven.

The existence of a God proved, the way is easy. He must have made man for a purpose. There is no more practical question than the relation of man to God. I concede the power of natural religion. Man with his own unaided power can discover much—the existence of God and the knowledge of his attributes, the probability of an existence after death and a general judgment. Orthodox believers have made too much of the supernatural and not enough of natural religion. The reason is that the deistical school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—from Lord Herbert to Thomas Paine—have assailed revealed religion, till Christians have laid aside their works with the denying inquiry of Nathaniel: “Can any good come out of Nazareth?” Like Philip, I will answer: “Come and see.”

Remember, God never did for man what man could do for himself. God did not make the mariner’s compass. He never made a printing press, a submarine cable, an electric telegraph, a balloon or a cotton-gin. He never furnished man with a life-expectancy table or a table of

¹*The Sun*, Young. Lord Kelvin has proved that, had the sun been made of anthracite coal, it would have burned out in less than 5,000 years. Its density is about 25 per cent. greater than water. Helmholtz’s theory of solar contraction can not be proved, either true or false, for many centuries to come.—*W. F. B.*

logarithms. God never taught man hygiene or chemistry, never solved for him the *pons asinorum*; never discovered, for man, the binomial theory or the continent of America. He has given man his physical and mental powers and the hidden forces of nature. Religion is any system of theology or philosophy dealing with the problem of life and death. The question is: How far could man's unaided intellect reach in the solution of this great science? The following discourse was delivered by a learned Chinaman to a missionary:

"What are you here for? To teach me about God? My ancestors, who were contemporary with your spiritual father Abraham, believed in the same God in which he believed; and I believe in the same God in which they believed. But I have never seen anything which convinced me that He ever revealed Himself to man in anything but reason and nature. If he has ever made any other revelation, I should be most happy to receive it. Now, if He has made any other, it must be a better and more certain revelation, or God did a vain and foolish thing, which I don't believe He would do. If He ever revealed Himself through this Jesus of Nazareth, as you say He did, that revelation should have been better and more certain than reason and nature. If so, why don't you fellows agree about it? One of you tells me one thing, another tells me something different. Go home, agree among yourselves, come back, and I will talk with you."

I do not know what, if anything, the missionary said in reply. What he could have said puzzles me. It is the sad spectacle of a divided Christendom. United Christianity might have redeemed the world. We can find much in the writers of the deistical schools to prove the necessity of a supernatural revelation. Voltaire and Lord Herbert confess the necessity. The strongest argument in favor of the necessity of a positive revelation is found in the perusal of the works of any writer on natural religion, from the *Memorabilia* to such philosophers as Voltaire and Hume and such theologians as Dick and

Paley. The authors of the *Bridgewater Treatises*¹ are not an inch in advance of Sokrates. This idea is brought out in Macaulay's review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*. Let us take the testimony of a few witnesses: Sokrates and Confucius, both of them, predicted a teacher who would teach the ultimate truth. And now comes Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury. I quote from his autobiography, at pages 176 and 177:

"I did consider whether it was not better for a while to suppress it. Being thus doubtful, in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate*, in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:

"*'O Thou eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee, of Thy great goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough, whether I shall publish this book, De Veritate; if it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'*

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud though yet gentle voice came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true; neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that I ever saw, being without any cloud, did to my thinking see the place whence it came."

Here we have the father of modern deism testifying to a direct, immediate and supernatural revelation from Heaven.

David Hume, the Scotch philosopher of the eighteenth century, has given theologians much trouble, because, in his *Essay on Miracles*, he argues upon principles now

¹ See note at the end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

reduced to a science—the science of probabilities. It is what every man acts upon in the ordinary affairs of life, the banker with his average of monthly deposits, the underwriter with his mortuary table, *et cetera*. In his *Natural History of Religion*, Mr. Hume argues that polytheism was the primary religion of men, and that monotheism—or theism, as he styles it—was the result of enlightened reason; that it sprang from, or grew out of, polytheism by what Mr. Hume would probably have called evolution had he lived a century later. In my opinion, the eminent Scotchman furnishes us with an excellent argument for a primitive supernatural revelation. When he argues that man's unaided intellect grasps at polytheism, he shows the necessity for a revelation. Would a just God have withheld it?

I shall ask you to consider together three works of Voltaire,¹ for, in my notion, they are an entirety. These are *Zadig*, *The Earthquake at Lisbon* and *Candide ou l'Optimiste*. To those content with the opinion of reviewers, *Zadig* teaches blind fatalism, the poem on the earthquake teaches pessimism, and *Candide ou l'Optimiste* philosophical indifference to suffering. I read for myself and not for reviewers. In my judgment, *Zadig*, which was written eight or nine years before the others, ought to be read last, for it is, in a sense, an explanation of the others. These works will be considered in the following order:

1. *Le Tremblement de terre de Lisbonne*.
2. *Candide ou l'Optimiste*.
3. *Zadig*.

To understand any book we must thoroughly know the circumstances under which it was written. On All Saints'

¹See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

Day, 1755, while the people of Lisbon were attending mass in their churches, the sound of thunder, which appeared to come from the bowels of the earth, drowned the peal of organs and the voices of choirs. The panic-stricken multitudes were frozen with terror. Immediately the ground began to heave and swell. The tall piles swayed to and fro, like supple willows before the breeze. Those within the churches attempted to rush out, but were met by others rushing in, as to a place of safety. Stayed in their flight, all were buried beneath falling arches and crumbling walls. A multitude rushed to the harbor and were met by a huge tidal wave bearing ships upon its crest. An enormous crowd took refuge upon a vast marble quay, which resisted the sea wave only to sink into the ocean with the whole of its living burthen. In two hours a destructive fire, stimulated by a raging wind, completed the destruction, and the city was a total wreck. The cathedral, eighteen churches, the convent, the hall of the inquisition, the royal palace, the palaces of the nobility and the mansions of the wealthy, the custom house, public granaries and warehouses filled with merchandise, yards filled with timber, were overthrown by the shock or devoured by the flame; and 60,000 people perished. The shock was felt as far east as Töplitz, as far south as Sahara, as far west as Barbadoes and Lake Ontario and as far north as Sweden and Loch Lomond and Loch Ness in Scotland. Humboldt estimated that the extent of the earth's surface disturbed was four times that of all Europe.

From time out of memory men have tried to solve the problem of the origin of evil. Zoroaster and Manichæus confessing one God, the author of all good, at the same time acknowledge an evil principle, the origin of all evil. This theory, the latter and his follower, Faustus, tried to

reconcile with the Christian idea of God and Satan. Pessimists, like Schopenhauer, have maintained that evil was universal, while optimists, as Bolingbroke and Pope, have contended for the dictum, "whatever is is right." This would do away with the origin of evil, since that can have no origin which has no existence. Voltaire was deeply moved by the account of the destruction of Lisbon, and wrote this poem, which contains more philosophy than any poem which I have read, except *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and closes with a prayer, the most beautiful in any language—excepting the Lord's prayer and the prayer of Agur. The poet pursues his argument thus:

"Can we conceive a God beneficent,
 Upon His children's happiness intent,
 Yet on them sorrows sparing not to heap?
 What eye can penetrate designs so deep?
 Through the All-Perfect how can ill befall?
 Yet how have other source, since he rules all?
 Still evil's everywhere, confusion dense;
 Sad puzzle, far too hard for human sense.
 A God came down to shed some balm around,
 Surveyed the earth, and left it as He found.
 His power to mend the sophist loud denies;
 He wanted but the will, another cries;
 And while the disputants their views proclaim,
 Lisbon is perishing in gulfs of flame,
 And thirty towns with ashes strew the lea
 From Tagus' ravaged borders to the sea.
 Does God in anger scourge a guilty race?
 Or does the Lord of Being and of Space,
 Unswayed by pity's touch or anger's force,
 Of His fixed will just watch the changeless course?
 Does formless matter rebel to its Lord,
 Bear in itself the seeds of disaccord?

.
 Nature is mute, we question her in vain,
 And feel that God alone can make all plain.

Humble in plaint, and patient to endure,
I doubt not Providence, because obscure."

Here, in the last four lines, is a confession of the necessity of a positive revelation. The poem abounds with expressions of the most profound reverence for the Deity. It simply presents the enigma of the existence of non-punitive suffering as a problem past man's solution. The Anglican bishop of Landaff says as much in his *Apology for the Bible*.

John James Rousseau,¹ the Genevese philosopher, thus writes in his *Confessions*:

"I received a copy of the *Destruction of Lisbon*, which I supposed was sent me by the author. This made it necessary for me to write to him and speak of the poem. This I did in a letter that was printed long afterwards without my consent, as will appear hereafter. Struck at seeing this poor man, overwhelmed, so to speak, with prosperity and glory, eternally declaiming most bitterly against the miseries of life, and constantly looking at everything with a jaundiced eye, I got into my head the insane idea of inducing him to enter within himself, and proving to him that everything was good. Voltaire, while constantly pretending to believe in God, never really believed in anything but the Devil; for his pretended God is nothing but a malevolent being who, according to him, delights in nothing but evil-doing. The glaring absurdity of his doctrine is especially revolting in a man loaded with every sort of blessing, who, while reveling in happiness, endeavored to strike his fellows with despair by the frightful image of universal calamity, calamity from which he is himself wholly exempt. I, that had a better right than he to calculate and weigh the evils of human life, made an impartial examination thereof, and proved to him that there was not one of them all from which Providence was not cleared, not a single one that had not its origin in the abuse man had made of his faculties, rather than in nature. I treated him, in a letter, with the utmost regard, consideration and delicacy, with all possible respect, I can truly say. However, knowing the extreme irritability of his self-love,

¹See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

I did not send this letter to himself, but to Dr. Tronchin, his friend and physician, with full power either to give or suppress it, according as he might think proper. Tronchin gave the letter. Voltaire sent me a few words in reply, stating that, being sick himself, and having charge of a sick person, he would put off his answer until some future day, and said not a word upon the subject. . . . Subsequently Voltaire published the reply he promised, but never sent me. This was none other than the novel of *Candide*, of which I can not speak, as I never read it.”¹

I have allowed Rousseau to tell his own story. He was an eloquent writer, but a poor critic. How the abuse that man had made of his faculties could account for the destruction of Lisbon is past my weak comprehension.

Voltaire's *Candide ou l'Optimiste* has been described as a book written to ridicule divine Providence. No statement could be further from verity. It is sometimes placed in contrast with Johnson's *Rasselas*—published afterward—to the disparagement of the former. The terrible earthquake at Lisbon had shaken, not only the earth, but the faith of its inhabitants in the theory of the optimists. Voltaire's poem was opportune. Had Rousseau read *Candide ou l'Optimiste*, he must have been slow of comprehension had he not seen himself portrayed in Pangloss, the pedantic and loquacious pedagogue. *Candide ou l'Optimiste*, like Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, was called out by adverse criticism. It is a sprightly philosophical banter written to ridicule Rousseau's optimism. In my judgment, it is the greatest of Voltaire's writings. This pastmaster of ridicule shot Parthian arrows, taken from the armory of his inexhaustible wit. Rousseau says that he did not read the book. The ostrich hides her head in the sand, but does not escape the hunter. *Candide* is a low German who travels over the earth from West-

¹ Rousseau, *Confessions*, book IX.

phalia, his native land, to Bulgaria, back to Holland, thence to Portugal, then through Spain to Buenos Ayres, from Paraguay through the Amazonian forests and the imaginary Eldorado to Surinam, where he takes ship to France. In a voyage from France to Venice, he touches England at Portsmouth, and witnesses the execution of Admiral John Byng. He does not land. If we fit romance to dates, *Candide* would have spent about a year in South America; for he witnessed the earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1755, and Admiral Byng was shot March 14, 1757. At Venice, *Candide* meets by accident with several dethroned monarchs, who had come to spend the carnival there. The anacronisms of introducing Theodore of Corsica¹ several months after his death and of making the carnival occur during or after Lent are unimportant, except to captious critics. Vergil did worse with Aeneas and Dido. Voltaire makes his hero, by turns, a vagabond, a soldier; a nabob, a slave, a lucky and a friar, and in one of these guises exhibits him in Constantinople, Ispahan, Lapland, Norway and Denmark. *Candide* is the victim of a baron insane with family pride, of military subalterns, religious bigots, inquisitors, a tyrannical colonial governor, sharpers, thieves, robbers, harlots and a moral monster. He witnesses, meets with and hears related all kinds of misfortunes, battles, bloodsheds, shipwrecks, earthquakes, *auto da fés*, *et cetera*. The most dreadful disasters are heaped upon his devoted head. This book, like *Humphrey Clinker* and *Gulliver*, is written in the taste of the age. It ridicules optimism, but does not teach pessimism. *Don Quixote*, *Candide ou l'Optimiste* and the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver* are, in my opinion, the three great satires since Lucian wrote his

¹ See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

Olympian Dialogues. *Candide ou l'Optimiste* is a kind of cross betwixt *Don Quixote* and Kingley's *Westward Ho*, as inferior to the one as it is superior to the other. Pangloss, a companion of Candide, is in turn hanged, burned and drowned, but possesses as many lives as a cat. He is a kind of philosophical Don Quixote, but fails to elicit the admiration due to La Mancha's doughty Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. Candide might almost be considered his Sancho Panza, but they are totally different characters. Cunegonde, the sweetheart and afterwards the wife of Candide, Cacambo, his valet, Zenoida, Candide's second wife, Pococurante, a cynical Venetian, James the Anabaptist, Martin, a Manichean, and the Old Woman—who passed through every phase of existence from a pampered beauty to a kitchen scullion—are other characters. When I first read *Candide ou l'Optimiste*, I was nineteen years old. When I next read it, I was past forty. It did not seem like the same book. With the exception of two things which will be noted hereafter, there is nothing worse in it than will be found in Shakspere, Smollett and Swift. The difference between *Candide ou l'Optimiste* and the poem on the destruction of Lisbon, is the difference between a didactic poem and a prose satire. The same general sentiment appears in each—pure agnosticism as to the ways of God to man. If agnosticism went no further, I would have little criticism to pass. I am neither Manichæan, optimist nor pessimist. It occurred to me several years ago that the Almighty could run the universe without my aid or assistance, and I have not been offering Him help or proffering Him suggestions.

Zadig, like *Candide ou l'Optimiste*, is a philosophical romance. *Zadig* was a young Babylonian, a kind of a Solomon in his wisdom. The story of his life, as written by Voltaire, reads like an eastern tale. At times one al-

most thinks he is reading in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*. It is a genius who can adopt the style of another to the baffling of detection, like the writer who a few years ago produced the *Letters of a Chinese Official*. Voltaire evidently had himself in mind when he wrote this tale. A significant anagram corresponds to the name of one of his enemies. There are characters and circumstances all through the story corresponding closely to persons and things which had affected him or come under his observation. Zadig was engaged to be married to a young lady by the name of Semira. One day, as they walked upon the banks of the Euphrates, they were assailed by the minions of a dissolute rival of Zadig, named Orcan. Zadig rescued his mistress, but, in so doing, received a wound near the left eye. An imported Egyptian physician said that he must lose the eye. Semira heard of it, and having an unconquerable aversion to one-eyed men, married Orcan, her would-be ravisher. Semira was an educated lady of the court. Zadig now wooed and won Azora, a woman of the common people, but she proved false. In the third chapter of this tale, Zadig meets with an adventure very similar to the story of the *Stray Camel* which John G. Saxe has reduced to verse. You will find it in a copy of his poems in my library on page 160. Zadig is beset by an envious man, the very facsimile of the Abbé Desfontaines who is remembered only because he maligned Voltaire. Like Daniel, Zadig is exalted to be prime minister of Babylon. But the king's jealousy nearly cost Zadig his life. He fled into Egypt. The first person he meets in that country is a woman who is being assaulted by a man. Zadig draws his sword in her defense, and in the encounter the man is slain. Then the woman upbraids Zadig for slaying her lover, and the people of Egypt sell him into slavery. Zadig

becomes the property of an Arabian, named Setoc, who takes him to his own country. Zadig won the good-will of his master, who, by a philosophical object lesson, he converts from Sabianism to deism;¹ and by his influence sutteeism is abolished. For this (but nominally for denying that the stars set in the sea) he is condemned to be burned by a slow fire. A rescued widow by the name of Almona procured his pardon. He is sent by his master to the court of a foreign prince, where, by an ingenious stratagem worthy of Solomon or Sancho Panza, he discovers an honest man to fill the office of royal treasurer. Returning to Babylon, he falls in with the leader of banditti and finds the royal consort of Babylon, Astarte, reduced to slavery. He turns to Babylon. The government is overthrown, and the king is dead. The succession is to be determined by a combat between knights. The victor is to marry the queen and take the crown. Their faces are covered, so that the knights are only known by the color of their armor. Zadig is victorious, but a vanquished knight steals his armor while he sleeps, and the thief is adjudged the victor. Zadig leaves Babylon in despair. And now comes what a certain critic thinks adds nothing to the story, but I think is the best part of it. Fortunate is the writer who escapes the charge of plagiarism. Did I say fortunate? Perhaps another word would better express it. For plagiarism is a quasi-confession of merit. This is the only instance, within my knowledge, where Voltaire has been accused of literary larceny. What is plagiarism? Read in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* the simile which Byron applies to Kirke White, "So the struck eagle" *et quod sequitur*. Byron took this from Aeschylus who lived twenty-four

¹ See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

centuries before him. Aeschylus took it from Aesop who lived a century earlier. Where did Aesop get it? From some ballad-singer? orator? hunter? or shepherd?—who lived where? and when? It is another argument for the economic basis of society that the charge of plagiarism was unknown before the invention of literary property. Thomas Parnell, an Irish contemporary of Voltaire, tells a story similar to the one I am about to relate, in his poem *The Hermit*. Where did Parnell get it? Pope says from Spain; Goldsmith thinks from Arabia; others say Persia or Hindustan.¹ But let us go back to Zadig. He meets a hermit with a book in his hand, which he calls the book of destinies. He takes Zadig into his company and binds him by an oath not to leave him for several days. The hermit robs a hospitable entertainer of a golden basin, with which he rewards a miser for a niggardly entertainment. They are at the house of a philosopher, where the hermit rewards hospitality by setting fire to the house. Arrived at the house of a widow, they are treated as well as her means will allow. She sends her little nephew to guide them on their way. The hermit seizes the boy by the hair, throws him into a river and drowns him. Zadig upbraids the slayer, when an angel is revealed in the person of the hermit. The basin was stolen to teach the vain and ostentatious owner wisdom. The miser was rewarded to teach him hospitality. The philosopher's house was burned that he might discover an immense treasure beneath the ruins. The boy was slain to prevent his killing his aunt in one year and Zadig in two. He was not reformed, because in that event he would have killed himself. The moral of the tale is: Men judge of all without knowing anything.

¹Read Poe's *William Wilson*, Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde* and Ignatius Donnelly's *Doctor Huget* for "unconscious absorption."—*W. F. B.*

One might appropriately close this trilogy of Voltaire with the Moslem's submission: "God is great."

I am about to compare this trilogy with the most sublime poem ever produced in any language and shall show the superiority of supernatural to natural religion. Much scholarship and much ink has been wasted to determine whether this poem was didactic, dramatic or epic. Leave this to the folk who would classify genius, as a botanist classifies plants and an ornithologist classifies quails and partridges. The book of Job is either didactic, dramatic or epic, in an objective sense, according to the mind of the person who reads it. Job is an Arabian sheik who served God according to the natural law. The age in which the hero lived, or whether he ever lived, is foreign to my purpose. The moral is the same, man or myth.¹ Job had been prospered beyond all men of the East. There came a time when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came to present himself before the Lord. It has been a mooted question with exegetists whether this Satan was the Prince of Darkness who came, like Menelaus, without an invitation, or a sort of celestial detective sent out from the heavenly court, as the postmaster-general sends out an inspector. This question, too, is foreign to my purpose. Another question which has bothered exegetical scholars is whether the assemblage to which Satan came, invited or uninvited, was a meeting of the saints on earth or the saints in heaven. The size of the crowd is the only

¹I believe Job to have been historic for a similar reason given for Jonah, in the main body of this work. I refer, of course, to the texts, Ezekiel, xiv., 14, and James, v., 11. Whether the book is historic in the sense that Boswell's *Johnson* is historic, or in the sense that Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.* or *Richard III.* is historic, is for the litterati to determine. The question of verbal inspiration is left with the theologians.—*W. F. B.*

question involved in this controversy. The Lord inquires of the Adversary if he has considered his servant, Job, a fervent and upright man who serves God and eschews evil. Satan was, evidently, a firm believer in the economic basis of society, and thought that Job was swayed by his material interests and that there was a consideration for his service. He suggests the extinction of all Job's worldly possessions. The Most High permits this, putting an interdict upon any injury to his person. Then follows a severe test of the steadfast patriarch. Not only is his property stolen or destroyed, but his children perish in a hurricane. The only thing left him is a shrewish wife. But Job reverently bows his head and says: "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." His evil genius makes his return to the heavenly court. When reminded that Job holds fast to his integrity, the Adversary suggests that self-preservation is the strongest instinct of man's nature, and that, if Job is smitten in his body, his integrity will yield. License is given the Adversary to proceed to this extremity, with an interdict against destroying the life of the patriarch. Satan smites Job with some loathsome disease whose nature has been a fruitful source of speculation. Cast out as unclean, Job sits down upon the garbage pile, which stood outside of every village, before the existence of modern sanitary regulation. His wife appeared as a tempter, advising him to bless (curse¹) God and die. But Job rebukes her and holds fast to his integrity. Three of his friends appear upon the scene and are stricken dumb at beholding his calamity. For seven days and seven nights not a word is spoken, when Job breaks the silence by cursing the day in which he

¹See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

was born. As a wail of sublime despair, nothing, in any language—save Satan's address to the sun in Milton's *Paradise Lost*—approaches this discourse of Job. Then follows a series of discourses, in three cycles of six speeches each, a discourse by each of Job's friends—doubtless in the order of age—and a reply to each of these by Job himself. These discourses are without parallel in the history of didactics.¹ One who has been present at an Indian council would be at home in reading this book. Each speaker proceeds without interruption and is listened to with respectful silence. The burden of the discourse of Job's friends is that suffering is punitive, and they exhort Job to repentance. Job argues that suffering is not necessarily punitive, and in the twenty-first chapter refers to the prosperity of the wicked in proof of his thesis. The chief value of this book is the overwhelming argument it furnishes for a final judgment, which must be a verity if God is just. In the thirty-first chapter, Job lifts his voice to heaven in an awful oath of clearing, acquitting himself of a long list of enumerated offenses covering almost every conceivable sin. Job's friends have already confessed defeat by their silence, and now comes the interposition of Elihu, a bystander, who reproves Job's friends for their silence and criticises Job in a strain which does not differ materially from the position taken by his friends. Elihu² appears as a defender of divine justice, and is angry with Job's friends for their inability to answer him. The true moral of this wonderful book is the reply of the Almighty who answered Job out of the whirlwind. It reminds one of a scene at the death-bed of Montesquieu:

¹When you are older read the Book of Job with Plato's *Dialogue on Justice*.—*W. F. B.*

²It is claimed that this discourse of Elihu is an interpolation. The discussion of this question is foreign to my purpose.—*W. F. B.*

"Sir," said the clerk, "you know how great God is."

"Yes," replied the philosopher, "and how little men are."

The divine interposition denies the possibility of Job's reading the meaning of God's visitation. How shall those who can not divine the constitution or course of nature, or understand and explain the instincts of animals, interpret the ways of God to man? The interposition begins:

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge?"

God does not condescend to notice Job's individual case. "Who am I?" and "Who art thou?" is the substance. This reply is divided into two discourses; and, at the end of each, Job bows his head with the Moslem's submission—the very words of which appear in the discourse of Elihu—*God is great*.

Now a superficial reader might insist that the only difference between what I have inaccurately called Voltaire's trilogy and the Book of Job is literary merit. This would be a grave error. The Wise Man tells us that dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor. I once read with your mother the *Confessions* of Rousseau and the *Confessions* of St. Augustine. When they were finished I asked:

"Where is the difference?"

I shall never forget the answer:

"All the difference in the world; the difference between the confession of a braggart and the confession of a penitent."

That you may see how unsatisfactory natural religion is, both in ethics and in hope, let us compare two passages from Voltaire, each with a parallel passage from Job:

Speaking of Candide's pre-nuptial relations with Zenoida, Voltaire says:

"The greater part blamed her, and her conduct was only approved by some few who knew how to reflect. Zenoida, who set a proper value on the good opinion, even of fools, was, nevertheless, too happy to repent the loss."

In his oath of clearing, Job says:

"I made a covenant with mine eyes;

Why, then, should I think upon a maid?

If mine heart has been deceived by a woman,

Or if I have laid wait at my neighbor's door;

Then let my wife grind unto another,

And let others bow down upon her."¹

So much for morality consistent with Voltaire's life at Cirey from 1734 to 1749. But let us read again:

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON

"Yet, when we issue from this dreadful gate,
Who may presume to claim a happier fate?
Tremble we must, howe'er the riddle's read,
And, knowing nothing, we have all to dread."

JOB XIX

"For I know that my redeemer liveth,

And that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And though after my skin worms destroy this body,

Yet in my flesh shall I see God:²

Whom I shall see for myself,

And mine eyes shall behold, and not another;

Though my reins be consumed within me."

The foregoing passages need no comment. But the greatest lesson to be learned from *Job* is the necessity of

¹Every boy ought to commit the seventh chapter of Proverbs to memory.—*W. F. B.*

²The higher critics have tried a revision of this text. But the learned Jew, Rabbi Shelomoh Yitzhaki, renders it, "In my flesh shall I see the judging God." A Hebrew for Hebrew.—*W. F. B.*

a positive revelation, yet man's inability to understand it all. The trusting faith that a little child puts in his parent—that is what we must have, and it is worth all the philosophy in the world. Voltaire wrote in his *La Loi Naturelle*:

“O God, whom men ignore, whom everything reveals,
Hear now the latest words of him who now appeals;
'Tis searching out Thy law that hath bewildered me;
My heart may go astray, but it is full of Thee.”

God's answer to Job would have been a sufficient answer to Voltaire.

But Voltaire furnishes the strongest argument in favor of Christianity by what he is unable to do against it. Lord Lyttelton, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, makes Lucian say to Rabelais: “Ridicule is the terror of all false religions.” Lucian himself laughed the gods out of Olympus. No person who has read Voltaire, and especially his romance, *The White Bull*, can doubt that he took his cue from Lucian; else it was a strange case of mental parallelism.

I could not recommend Voltaire to you, even as a teacher of natural religion, for a youthful mind, without philosophical training, is too apt at mistaking ridicule for argument, and in the impulse of adolescence jumps to a conclusion. A sneer will go further than an argument, and Voltaire outranks every sneerer that ever lived, except Lucian. Even in *Candide ou l'Optimiste*, like a Malay running amuck, he strikes with the deadly kris of his masterful wit at every believer, except James the Anabaptist, and the pure theists of his imaginary Eldorado. In his *Seer and Atheist*, he writes like a Quaker, and this is what he, probably, would have been had he been born in England instead of France. O my son, I

can not resist referring again to the fact that Christianity has been invulnerable to his raillery.

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away."

The Gospel was more than the adventures of *Amadis de Gaul*.

I think we have seen the necessity for a positive revelation. Now, I do not know whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or not. Richard Simon, the father of modern higher criticism, said he did not. Later critics say he did. Colenso, an Anglican bishop of the last century, wrote a very learned and elaborate treatise—more pernicious than anything ever penned by Voltaire—to prove not only that Moses did not write it, but that it was not inspired. Now, my boy, there is a distinction between higher criticism, the handmaid of faith, and destructive criticism, the assassin of faith. Always keep this distinction in mind. It is not important who the particular author of any book in the Bible was. You will find in the reply to Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*, by the Anglican bishop of Landaff—*Apology for the Bible*—a splendid explanation of the distinction between the genuineness and the authenticity of a book. I know this: It is easier for me to believe that the author of the *Pentateuch*—or rather that Moses was inspired than that he was not. Donovan, if he was not inspired, every codifier from Drako to Blackstone pales in the blaze of his genius like a firefly in the path of a marine search-light. Read the twentieth chapter of *Exodus*. Where did Moses get that law? You will read in the body of this work what I have to say about Ezra. There is a thing to which I wish to call particular attention. The Jews never made use of judicial torture, and they were, apparently, the only ancient people to whom this abomination was un-

known. Their punishments were severe, it is true; but, in a capital trial at least, a man had to be convicted upon the testimony of two witnesses. Read Deuteronomy, chapter xix., verse 15, and then read article III., section 3, clause 1, of the Constitution of the United States. Remember the latter was written in A.D. 1787, the former nearly fifteen centuries before Christ; the latter by lawyers with centuries of civilisation behind them, the former by an ancient Toussaint l'Ouverture, for a nation of runaway slaves. Under our constitution, a man can confess in open court, or plead guilty, but with the Jews he could not plead guilty, or, in other words, testify against himself. This is something that is familiar to every lawyer who has studied Hebrew jurisprudence. The superiority of any nation is measured by their judicial procedure. Where did Moses get that procedure? In the wilderness of stony Arabia thirty-four centuries ago, he stood several centuries in advance of Lord Bacon and Sir Edward Coke, both of whom used torture. For these men borrowed their procedure from pagan Rome. Where—where did Moses get his? Moses or Ezra? I care not who it was.

Do not waste your time in bootless speculation upon matters incidental to the subject of revelation. There are a score or more of Bible questions which had best be left alone. For example, the redemption of man does not depend upon the flatness or rotundity of the earth, or whether God made the universe in six days or in six indefinite periods of time, or whether Eve ate an apple, an apricot or horse-chestnut, or whether or not her sin was concupiscence, or whether Noah's flood was universal or local, or whether or not the difference between Hebrew and Sanskrit dated from the Tower of Babel, or whether Abraham was 75 or 135 years old when he mi-

grated from Charan. The so-called opposition of science will close with the last act in the drama of human history; for scientists change their theories as a chameleon changes his color, or a snake his skin. Theology can not chase an *ignis fatuus*.

1. To my own vision, it is plain that the Bible passively recognizes the Homeric theory of a flat earth and a firmament above, which might be represented by a saucer covered with a glass bowl. If you try to torture any other meaning out of certain texts in *Genesis*, *Joshua*, *Job* and *Ezekiel*, you will ignominiously fail and make yourself a fit subject for merited ridicule.¹ But the Bible tacitly recognizes the anthropomorphic idea of God. It was the only idea that primitive people could grasp. You will understand this by a careful study of the language of any primitive people. It is impossible to express an abstract idea in the language of the Santee Sioux Indians, certainly before it was modified by white scholars. You talk to a child in a way to make him understand, and you must employ very different language from that used with an adult.

2. It is enough to know that the sin of our first parents was the sin of disobedience, whatever the form may have been. The fall of man sowed the germ of original sin. Redemption is the only remedy. The transmission of spiritual defilement from parent to child is as scientific as Darwin's law of heredity and as just as the physical transmission of disease, of which we see daily examples. In fact, heredity is the carrying of the doctrine of original sin over into science, as the modern injunction is the carrying of the Roman interdict over into equity.

¹The true explanation is that the language of these texts was literal to the writers and figurative to the Holy Ghost. Nothing far-fetched in this.—*W. F. B.*

3. Your brother Eugene once asked me to explain Noah's flood. I told of thirteen different explanations, from the theory of a celestial ocean, like the Saturnine rings, to a depression of the earth's crust, as explained by Hugh Miller. Then I gave him the objections to each of these. He looked up in my face and asked, "Papa, what do you believe?" I replied, "I have no opinion and would not advise you to waste your time trying to form one."

4. I used to ridicule the story of Babel as a stupid attempt to account for something which bore internal evidence of growth, by the fable of a gang of brickmasons going to sleep and waking up tongue-tied. But it is sufficient to know that, after the flood, men sought to guard against a second cataclysm by their own power, and that God defeated the attempt.

5. The Bible says, Genesis xi., 26, that Terah lived seventy years and begat Abram. At verse 32, of the same chapter, it says that Terah died in Charan and all his days were 205 years. In the first verse of the next chapter we are told that God commanded Abram to get out of the country. In the fourth verse of the same chapter we are told that Abram was seventy-five years old when he departed. By the first verse of chapter xvii., we learn that, after his departure from Charan, his visit to Egypt, his war with the kings, his visit to Melchisidek and the birth of Ishmael, he is ninety-nine years old. Now, if Abram's father was seventy at Abram's birth and 205 at his own death, Abram must have been 135 at his departure from Charan. Voltaire calls attention to this in his *Philosophical Dictionary* and cites Augustine of Hippo as saying that the discrepancy is inexplicable. So Thomas Paine tries to make much out of the claim that Ezra did not know enough to add a column

of figures. My son, time spent on such trifles is time wasted. The Anglican bishop of Landaff gives us a possible answer to Paine. The important fact in regard to Abraham is that he was the restorer of monotheism and the spiritual father of three great religions. There has been much dispute about the age of Columbus, the discoverer of America, and it has been placed as high as seventy and as low as fifty. But I never heard of any one disputing the discovery on that ground. Where did Hannibal cross the Alps? I do not know. Some one has claimed that he did not cross them at all. But we feel certain that he carried the second Punic war into Italy, and turned that war from a struggle of the Romans for territory to a struggle for existence; that he fought and won the battles of Tribia, Thrasymene and Cannae, besieged Capua and blockaded Rome; that for fifteen years he made farming in Italy unprofitable and well-nigh impossible; that he drove the rustics into the towns and kept them there, thus changing the whole character of the Roman people,¹ who afterwards carried on their farms by slaves. These essential facts can not be affected by an argument for or against the Little St. Bernard, Mont Genevre,² Mont Cenis, Mont Viso or a sea voyage from Spain to Italy.

For my own part, I care not whether the story of the creation, of the fall of man, of the Noachian deluge or

¹Oman denies this. See *Seven Roman Statesmen, Tiberius Gracchus*.—*W. F. B.*

²If we accept the account of Polybius, it would seem certain that Hannibal crossed at the Little St. Bernard. But Polybius, in his third book, says that, when Hannibal had arrived at the summit, he pointed out the valley of Po to his soldiers to encourage and stimulate them. Now, the valley of the Po can't be seen from the Little St. Bernard or any other pass of the Alps. Who wishes to throw away Polybius on that account? Yet this is about on a par with any criticism of Paine or Voltaire upon the Bible.—*W. F. B.*

of the tower of Babel are literal, allegorical or anthropomorphical. Let speculative theologians dispute about it. It is not my field. The ethical sense is the same, in any event, of the three. As a matter of practical ethics, the Abrahamic religions, Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism (and Parsiism is nearly allied)¹ are superior to any system of ethics ever devised, from the most enlightened paganism to modern ethical culture. Ethics is founded either in dogma or sociology. There can be no half-way about it. Roman virtue was simply conventional;² Jewish virtue was founded upon the law of God. Let us cite instances.

LUCRETIA

Two thousand four hundred seventeen years ago, when Tarquin the Proud, the seventh king of Rome, reigned, a noble Roman lady, named Lucretia, lived with her husband at Collatia, a few miles from Rome. Her husband was Collatinus, whose father was the king's first cousin. Once while the army of Tarquin was engaged in besieging the city of Ardea, Collatinus was feasting with the king's sons. They were, doubtless, filled with wine, or they would not have been guilty of the foolishness which I am about to relate. They engaged in a dispute about the beauty and virtue of their respective wives. This was

¹ See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

² See note at end of this letter.

Mores, with the Romans, signified both manners and morals. So far as I know, the celebrated Count Volney was the first philosopher of modern times to argue that morals were simply custom which was regulated by the age and the environment. One can listen to this with measured patience from the lips of an avowed infidel. But when an alleged Christian minister steals Count Volney's thunder and delivers it from the pulpit—shade of Jonathan Edwards! What would you say to some of your degenerates?—*W. F. B.*

finally settled by a night journey and two surprise parties, one at Rome and the other at Collatia. They found the wives of the King's sons entertaining their friends, but Lucretia was spinning in the midst of her maids. This settled the dispute. But at this visit Sextus, the King's son, conceived an unholy desire for Lucretia. After a few days he returned to Collatia and was hospitably entertained by Lucretia, as the kinsman of her husband. That night Sextus left his couch, and, approaching that of Lucretia, laid his hand upon her breast and said :

"Be silent, Lucretia ; I am Sextus Tarquinius ; my sword is in my hand. You shall perish, if you utter a word."

The wicked man gave the wretched woman the terrible choice—to submit to him or die by his hand. He further told her that, if she chose death, he would kill one of her male slaves and place him on the couch with her, and would swear to her husband that he slew them in the act of adultery. The woman yielded to his wishes. Having accomplished his fiendish purpose, Sextus returned to the camp. The woman sent for her husband and her father. With them came Brutus and Valerius, two friends. The woman told her story and stabbed herself.¹ This story has been branded as a myth, but, be it fact or be it fiction, the "Chaste Lucretia" was the Roman's ideal of female virtue.

Gaius Julius Caesar engaged in an intrigue which caused Pompey to divorce his wife, Mucia. Pompey took, in place of Mucia, Caesar's only daughter Julia. Even the virtuous Cato divorced his wife for the accommodation of a friend, and remarried her after the friend's death. The offense of Clodius, which shocked Rome, was the sacrilege, not the adultery. Cicero divorced his wife,

¹See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

and no satisfactory reason has been assigned by any of his biographers, from Plutarch to Forsyth. It may not be right to do what Daniel Sickles or Daniel McFarland did. But the fact that for more than two hundred years, neither in England nor in America, has any man been executed for slaying the seducer of his wife, when that, and that alone, prompted the fatal blow, shows a horror of the crime, thus summarily punished, which did not exist in pagan Rome. Much is said of the modern divorce court—much of the one couple who are divorced—nothing of the seven who remain true to death. The remedy does not lie in legislation. Marriage in its use has been degraded to something beneath the beasts that perish. But, for all of that, Christianity, in its war with man's depravity, is gaining a slow but certain victory. Christian Europe and America are immeasurably better than pagan Rome. Then it was the Ciceros and Catos who sought the divorce. Now it is the Carters and Castellanes.

JOSEPH

Let us contrast the history just related with another. You remember how Joseph was hated by his brethren, and how they sold him to a band of Arabians, who in turn sold him to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard, and how Joseph became his master's steward and overseer. The young man was apt in business, and his master's affairs prospered in Joseph's hands. Both on this account, and because of the beauty of his person, his mistress made love to him. Joseph gently, but firmly, rejected her advances, with the words, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" But the faithless spouse of Potiphar was persistent. Pretending to be sick at the time of a great religious festival, she remained at home. Joseph came into the house on some business

of his master, when the woman again approached him, threatening that, if he refused her, she would accuse him to her husband of attempting the crime he had refused to commit. Upon his final refusal, she seized him in the wildness of her erotic fury, and he fled, leaving his garments in her grasp. The would-be adulteress was as good as her threat, and Joseph was placed in prison with malefactors.

Mark the contrast :

Lucretia refused to sin till threatened with death and disgrace. Death she did not fear, for she killed herself. Lucretia wished to live only long enough to explain her fall and to invoke vengeance upon the vanquisher of her virtue. When Brutus snatched the dagger from her wound and swore by the blood that stained it to avenge Lucretia, he swore by the blood of an adulteress.

Voltaire's hero, Candide, with the more than tacit approval of his author, yielded to a demand from Ismael Raab which would make a devil blush at its mere relation.

Neither the conventional ethics of pagan Rome, the philosophy of the eighteenth century nor modern ethical culture ever did, ever will or ever can produce a single martyr.

But Joseph refused to do wrong because it would displease God. In face of a like threat, he refused to do what Lucretia did. In the natural course of events, there was no more hope of vindication in his case than hers. Dogma against sociology. Which?

Let us now compare the death of a great pagan with the death of a great Christian. Zeno, the founder of the sect called stoics, taught the attainment of virtue should be the object of man's existence. He was, possibly, the most enlightened and virtuous pagan that ever lived. The religions of Greece and Rome were almost identical, but

neither was ethical. All the ethics of both races was either conventional or philosophical. Now let us see how this most virtuous pagan died. At the age of ninety-eight, Zeno was still teaching in Athens. As he was walking out of his school, he fell and broke one of his fingers. At this he was so affected by the consciousness of his own infirmity that, striking the earth, he cried out, "*Erchomai ti m'auais*"—"I am coming. Why callest thou me?" and immediately went home and committed suicide.

Paul, chained to a Roman soldier, in the same dungeon which had held Jugertha and Cethegus, wrote these words:

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. For the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, shall render unto me at that day."¹

I say with Balaam:

"Let my soul die the death of the just, and let my last end be like to them."

Every Jew is not a Joseph, every Christian is not a Paul. The church is not a cabinet of choice specimens, but an ark for the salvation of sinners. If you see a Christian who is a glutton, a drunkard or a profane swearer, do not be impatient because he does not add unbelief to all his other sins. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

¹The *Douai Version* gives the correct version of this passage. The Greek word *apodosei* is translated *reddet* in Jerome's *Vulgate*, but *give* in James's version, and I am surprised to see it retained in the *Revised Version*. The infinitive of the Greek verb—as every Greek scholar ought to know—never could mean aught but to give back, restore, return what is *due*, either debts, penalties or honors. The idea of a gratuity could never be involved in any mode or tense of that verb.—*W. F. B.*

Two priests walked on the bank of a little stream in Italy. One of those fearful and sudden floods—so common to that stream—rushed down. A horseman was crossing a bridge which spanned the stream. The support of the bridge was swept away and the structure fell. The horseman went down to his yeasty grave uttering loud curses and was seen no more. "That man is in Hell," said the elder priest. The younger man rebuked him, saying it might be possible that, like the penitent thief, he had repented at the last. They agreed that the one of the two that died first should return—if allowed to do so—with information as to the horseman's final destiny. Years passed by. The old priest had gone to a distant part of Italy. The young man had forgotten the matter, till one day he was sitting in his study, when the old man suddenly entered the room. The young man was startled:

"Whence come you?"

"From Hell."

"How comes it?"

"Do you remember the morning we walked by the bank of the river and witnessed the drowning of the solitary horseman?"

"I do now recall it."

"That man repented at the last moment of life and was saved. I am in Hell for condemning him."

This legend carries its own moral. I do not believe in living a life of sin, and repenting *in articulo mortis*. That is drinking the wine from the cup of life and throwing the dregs in the face of Christ. But it is never too late to mend. In Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* you will read of the death of Pizarro by the assassins headed by Juan de Harrada; how the ruthless plunderer of Peru made the sign of the cross in his own blood, uttered the word *Jesu*, and, before he could kiss the cross, died by a *coup*

de grace. Say what you will, despite his cruelty and rapacity, faith remained.

Christianity since its foundation has had to war with the depraved nature of man. Juvenal in his *Satires*, and Paul in his *Epistle to the Romans* have pictured what pagan society was at the foundation of Christianity. The Jewish historian, Josephus, relates an incident which shows in what depths of corruption, depravity, sensuality and superstition the pagan contemporaries of Christ were plunged:¹

Decius Mundus, a Roman equestrian, coveted Paulina, the wife of Saturninus, a patrician, but his unholy love was not reciprocated. Mundus had resolved upon suicide, when Ide, a free woman of his father, diverted him and undertook to satisfy his desire. With money furnished by Mundus, she bribed some of the priests of Isis to tell Paulina that she was the favorite of the dog-headed god, Anubis, recently imported from Egypt, and that he loved her. She told her husband, and they were both proud of the honor. The silly woman supped and passed a night in the temple with what she supposed was a god, but learned too late was her rejected lover. She conjured her husband to avenge her injury, but she did not, like Lucretia, commit suicide. Saturninus was no Virginus or Daniel Sickles, but complained to the emperor. Tiberius, whatever faults he may have had, was stern in the administration of justice. After due investigation, the emperor banished Mundus, but inflicted the same pun-

¹Gaius Julius Caesar, if living today and guilty of what he was charged with, according to Suetonius, would be ostracised from the society of even bad men. I do not believe him guilty, but it shows the state of Roman society when such a crime was credited to the first statesman and general of his age, without injury to his standing. The story of the virtuous Cato's divorce is familiar to all.—*W. F. B.*

ishment upon Ide and the corrupted priests which his procurator unjustly inflicted upon the divine subject of this book, and he ordered the image of Isis to be thrown into the Tiber and her temple to be destroyed. We may sneer at the folly of this Roman woman, but it hardly exceeds the credulity of the dupes of modern spiritualism.

Human history represents a fierce struggle between man's material interests and pure idealism. The man of Nazareth was crucified to save the graft of the Sadducean priesthood. The Ephesian silversmiths raised an uproar, because the preaching of Paul interfered with their trade. The Philippian accusers of Paul and Silas were moved by a similar impulse, as we read in the sixteenth chapter of Acts. Voltaire's *Zadig* was in danger of slow fire because of the abolition of sutteeism—the jewels and ornaments of the women were the perquisites of the priests who condemned *Zadig* to be burned. Pure idealists like St. Paul, Jeanne d'Arc,¹ John Howard, and Osawatomie Brown are generally beheaded, burned, hanged, or die in the wilderness—unless like Frau Krüdenner,¹ they stand with the powers that be. The next generation mentally reverses the judgment and consigns them to the mad-house. When "in the long revenge of time," a costly mausoleum arises, immortal fame has made such a tribute ridiculous.

This humble effort of mine, to which this letter forms a rambling preface, was written to establish the historical character of the Gospel narrations. It does not treat the life of Christ in detail. It does not discuss the time of his birth, the length of his ministry, or his age at his death. These minor questions might draw attention from weightier matters.

¹See note at end of this letter.—*W. F. B.*

There are many things in the Gospel which have bothered me. I confess that I never quite understood the parable of the unjust steward in the sixteenth chapter of Luke, and no explanation has proved quite satisfactory to me. But is it wise to throw away the Gospel, because I can not explain a parable? As well might we reject geometry, because the squaring of the circle is an unsolved problem. As St. Peter said, there are many things in the Scriptures hard to be understood, which they that are unstable and unlearned wrest to their own destruction. A quarter of a century ago, I came to the conclusion that I was not a theologian, and remained steadfast in that opinion. One of the most worthless books that I ever saw was entitled *Every Man His Own Lawyer*. I regard the amateur theologian with the same distrust as I do the amateur lawyer.

In regard to the differences which distract the Christian world, you have often heard my opinion. But that is not the subject of this book.

When you are dealing with the subject of religion, remember it is the most important problem of life. Upon its proper solution, your most sacred interests depend.

Sincerely,

WILBUR F. BRYANT.

Hartington, Christmas, 1907.

NOTES TO EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Agnostic.—One of a school of philosophers who simply recognise natural phenomena, disclaiming all knowledge of the origin of the universe, and neither denying nor admitting the existence of the Deity or human existence after death. It is from the Greek *agnosko*—I do not know. It would be unjust to identify those philosophers with the ancient skeptics. For they maintained that no certain inference could be drawn from the senses, and distrusted even natural phenomena.—*W. F. B.*

Atheist.—From *alpha*, privative, and *theos*, Greek for God; one who denies the existence of God.—*W. F. B.*

Boucher de Perthes.—Eminent French archaeologist (1788–1868), author of *Celtic and Antedeluvian Antiquities*, in which he attempted to prove, with apparent success, the great antiquity of man upon this planet. He might almost be classed as a Columbus in his field. It would be presumption in an amateur to publish a dogmatic opinion; and I will only say that, granted the utmost limit of age claimed for these relics, they do not prove the pre-Adamic man. For no one can construct a system of chronology from Christ back to Adam—out of Scripture—without pinning his fabric to several extrinsic semi-mythical dates. The pre-Adamic man may furnish Jack London with a good subject for a novel, but as a historic character he is a total failure. But a man even skilled in the science, but unskilled in the particular branch of the science under investigation, is not always in a position to criticise the scientific investigator. To illustrate, only the trained eye of an astronomer could make a practical survey of the Martian canals of Schiaparelli. Only a person of scientific training could appreciate Charles Darwin's *Monograph of the Cirrhipedia*. The same is true in the domain of archaeology. My sympathies are with the scientist assailed as Professor Taylor assailed Silliman, with the absurd hypothesis that the Almighty had stirred trilobites into the earth as the cook would stir plums into a pudding. Romanes afterward sarcastically suggested that the Almighty did this to fool people. Nothing makes a man more truthful than a fearless investigation into any branch of physical

science. Others have followed Boucher de Perthes. The finding of certain skeletons in Gilder's mound near Florence, Nebraska, is too recent to demand elaboration. My friend, Professor Barbour of the State University of Nebraska, whose character as a man, and ability, attainments and industry as a geologist are too well known to require eulogy, is of the opinion that these skeletons had been buried for 10,000 or 12,000 years. The conclusions of Ales Hrdlicka, the distinguished anthropologist, who seems predisposed to skepticism in this matter, differs from Professor Barbour as to the age of the relics. See *Skeletal Remains Suggesting or Attributed to Early Man in North America, Smithsonian Institution, Bulletin 33, Washington, 1907*. But see Doctor Ward in *Putnam's*, January, 1907, 410-413.—*W. F. B.*

Bridgewater Treatises.—Francis Henry Bridgewater, Earl of Bridgewater, died in 1829, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. By his will he bequeathed eight thousand pounds to be paid to the person or persons who should be appointed by the president of the Royal Society to prepare a work on natural religion. The will was as specific in its details as the will of Stephen Girard. Eight treatises were written, one each by Thomas Chalmers, John Kidd, William Whewell, Peter Mark Roget, William Buckland, William Prout, Charles Bell and William Kirby. The advocate of the chimpanzee genealogical tree, of course, considers these treatises back numbers.—*W. F. B.*

Brown, Osawatomie.—John Brown of Kansas and Harpers Ferry fame. 1800-1859.

Christianity.—It is not the intention in this letter to place Christianity on a plane with any other religion. Judaism, Mohammedanism and Parsiism are good so far only as they resemble Christianity. Christianity was the fruition of Judaism. Mohammedanism is modified Judaism. Parsiism is a modification of the primitive religion of the human race.—*W. F. B.*

"*Curse God and Die*" is the rendering of the words of Job's wife in King James's version. *Benedic Deo et morere*, is the reading of the *Vulgate*. The former is what she meant; the latter is what she said. The employment of a soft word for a harsh is known to all polite nations. The Roman disliked the verb *morere*, and said of the departed *vixit*—he has lived. Who has not heard a scrivener or notary before asking an illiterate person to make his mark, "I believe, Mr. Blank, you *do not* write," instead of

"you *can not* write"? The expression of *bless* for *curse* is heard occasionally among rustics, where archaic expressions linger longest.—*W. F. B.*

Darwin, Charles Robert, the most famous scientist since Newton, founder of the sect of chimpanzeeites, born February 12, 1809, an Englishman, son of an eminent physician, Charles Waring Darwin, grandson of Erasmus Darwin, the poet, whose fantastic ideas communicated to Mrs. Shelley, through the medium of her husband and Lord Byron, gave birth to her remarkable romance *Frankenstein*. The fame of the grandfather is eclipsed by that of the grandson, who was born on the same day as Abraham Lincoln, and it is a matter worthy of debate which will have the most enduring fame. Thomas Paine, famous as a political agitator in England, America and France, died the same year. Darwin was a great chemist, a great botanist, a great zoologist, a great geologist, a great comparative anatomist, but a poor logician, a faulty philosopher. The *Origin of Species* contains its own refutation. Some of Darwin's admirers, particularly Benjamin F. Underwood, have claimed that he never taught that man was descended from any existing species of ape, but simply that he had been evolved from ape-like species. To prove that he taught the baboon and monkey descent of man, it is only necessary to read the two or three closing pages of his *Descent of Man*. Darwin did enough and wrote enough to make him great, without this fallacious addendum to his fame. Died April 19, 1882.—*W. F. B.*

Deist.—A person who believes in a personal God distinct from nature itself, but who rejects the supernatural revelation.—*W. F. B.*

Galileo Galilei.—An eminent Italian mathematician and natural philosopher; born at Pisa, 1564, died at Florence, 1642. He discovered the isochronism of the vibrations of the pendulum; the law governing velocity of falling bodies; invented the thermometer; and, though not the first inventor of the telescope, he was the first to make it of practical use in astronomy. With this instrument he discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the phases of Venus, the longitudinal and diurnal librations of the moon, and the solar spots. Galileo was an epoch-maker in astronomical science. He accepted the heliocentric theory of our planetary system, known before his time to the ancient

Assyrians and maintained by Pythagoras, Aristarchus of Samos, Cusa, Copernicus, Diego di Zunica, Foscarini and Giordano Bruno, but which had been superseded by the clumsy hypothesis of Ptolemy of Alexandria. The Ptolemaic theory had come to Europe from the Mohammedans through the Moorish empire of Spain, the Crusades, and the conquest of Constantinople. Galileo's discoveries would have made him immortal, but he dwells in popular memory chiefly because of his trial before the Holy Office, a proceeding which has been grossly misunderstood. It is safe to say that every popular account of it is more or less false. This proceeding was for a contempt of court in disobeying an order of the Congregation of the Index forbidding him to teach the heliocentric theory. The *res* of the contempt was his *Dialogues*, which he claimed taught the geocentric or Ptolemaic theory. But a commission of experts, to which the work was submitted, reported that the author of the book certainly believed in the heliocentric theory. Under the law, when there was a disagreement between the statement of a suspected author and the apparent purport of the book, torture could be applied to the prisoner for the purpose of eliciting the truth. Galileo was menaced with torture, but not tortured. In fact, he could not be tortured under the law, both on account of his age and from the fact that he was suffering from a hernia. His judges knew this, but he, probably, did not. Galileo showed anything but want of fortitude; he was like a schoolboy under the old régime—telling a lie and sticking to it, in the face of a threatened flogging. The abjuration required of him was a purging of contempt—placing in legal formula, with some amplification, the denial which he had already voluntarily made. He was sentenced as a suspected heretic to imprisonment during the pleasure of the Holy Office; he was confined, first at Sienna, afterward in his own villa at Arcetri, near Florence, during the term of his natural life—for nine years after his trial. It was at the latter place where Milton saw him. Galileo, probably, had the freedom of his own grounds, but he could not go into town without leave. The contempt proceeding against Galileo Galilei did not differ materially from the proceeding against Eugene V. Debs. Of course it is hard to understand how the first order, which Galileo disobeyed, could ever have been made, as the voyage of Juan Sebastian del Cano had exploded the Homeric theory, and the Ptolemaic theory conflicted

as much with the apparent meaning of certain texts of Scripture as did the heliocentric theory. But as held in the *Debs Case*, where the court has jurisdiction, it must be obeyed, right or wrong. The court that tried Galileo was the Roman Inquisition, established by a papal bull of date July 21, 1542, ninety-one years before his trial. It had universal, original and appellate jurisdiction throughout the world. It inflicted only the minor penal repressions, turning the obstinate and incorrigible over to the secular ruler or magistrate, who was compelled to favor the proceedings of the Inquisition, under pain of excommunication. At Galileo's death the heliocentric theory was no more than a very probable hypothesis. He, himself, in his private correspondence, sometimes denied and sometimes affirmed the opinion, according to his correspondent. His duplicity in this and at his trial can be easily understood by any one who will read the fine analysis of the Italian character of the century before Galileo—it had probably not materially changed—in Macaulay's *Essay of Machiavelli*. Galileo, undoubtedly, thought that posterity would understand his *Dialogues*; and he did not care what his contemporaries thought about it, as he felt confident the heliocentric theory would finally prevail. Kepler's three physical laws of planetary motion had been discovered fifteen years before Galileo's trial. In 1685, Sir Isaac Newton simplified the three in one, known as the Newtonian law of gravitation. In 1727, James Bradley discovered the aberration of light, which demonstrated that the earth was moving in space. These three discoveries closed the question in favor of the heliocentric theory. Thirty years after the last discovery, Benedict XIV. suspended the decree of the Congregation of the Index—of date March 5, 1616—the same for which Galileo had incurred condemnation in disobeying. As the purpose of this work is not the discussion of controverted points between Catholics and Protestants, the bearing of this affair on papal infallibility will not be touched. Any one desirous of examining this question is referred to two articles in the *Dublin Review*, one in the April number for 1871, entitled, *Copernicanism and Paul V.*; the other in the July number for the same year, entitled, *Galileo and the Pontifical Congregations*. The statement of Draper in his *Conflict between Religion and Science* that Galileo was denied burial in consecrated ground is a mistake. He sleeps in Santa Croce, the Westminster of Florence.—*W. F. B.*

Gibbon, Edward.—English historian (1737–1794), author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, probably the greatest work that was ever the product of a single mind.—*W. F. B.*

Herbert, Edward (1581–1648).—Deist. Wrote *De Veritate*, 1524. *W. F. B.*

Hettinger, Franz (1819–1890).—German Roman Catholic clergyman and scholar. His work on *Natural Religion* is the best treatise which I have ever seen upon that subject. No clergyman, of any denomination, can afford to be without it.—*W. F. B.*

Hume, David.—Scottish historian and philosopher (1711–1776), author of *History of England*; apologist for the house of Stuart.—*W. F. B.*

Jeanne d'Arc.—Maid of Orleans.—*W. F. B.*

Kepler, John.—German astronomer, born seven years after Galileo. Like Galileo, he was an advocate of the heliocentric theory. For this he was condemned by the Lutheran Theological Faculty of Tübingen, in 1596. Quitting his native Würtemberg, he sought refuge with the Jesuits of Gratz and Ingoldstadt, who received him with open arms and afterward obtained for him a lucrative and honorable position. Some Catholic writers plead this as a kind of set-off to the story of Galileo, but it really proves nothing, except that the Faculty of Tübingen, as well as the Congregation of the Index, were mistaken in a matter of biblical exegesis. The Society of Jesus, probably, loved Kepler for the enemies he had made.—*W. F. B.*

Krüdener, Juliane de Vietinghoff.—Russian novelist and mystic (1774–1824), prophesied Napoleon's return from Elba and the second overthrow of the Bourbons. The articles of the holy alliance were said to have been submitted to her for revision. She was a sort of female Tolstoi. Frau Krüdener was the confidante of Alexander I., but was finally expelled from St. Petersburg for revealing state secrets. She sought to found a colony of her disciples in the Crimea, but died there before the settlement was perfected.—*W. F. B.*

Lucian.—Greek writer of uncertain date, born at Samosata, on the Euphrates, Syrian by race; apprenticed to a stonecutter, a maker of pagan images of Mercury; ran away from his master and returned to his home; studied rhetoric; began practice at the bar, but left it in disgust to make a fortune as a declaimer

and teacher of what moderns would call elocution; was ten years in Gaul; finally settled in Athens; lived to a great age, whether eighty or one hundred at his death depends upon the uncertain date of his birth. Though an Asiatic, he acquired a pure Greek style and was almost as much the master of Attic as Xenophon himself. Lucian, like Swift, sometimes makes slips in syntax, but unlike Shakspeare and Gaius Julius Caesar, he has had no obliging commentator to fit his false syntax onto some imaginary theory of correct diction. But none but a pedant, incapable of appreciating Lucian's merit, would dwell upon these trifles, which are hardly more of blemishes than spots on the solar disc. Lucian devoted his last years to literature and wrote *inter alia*, *Dialogues of the Dead*, and *Dialogues of the Gods*. *Philopatris*, formerly attributed to him, is now generally believed to have been the work of a later writer. If this is correct, he was a close imitator. Few writers have been more the subject of contention than Lucian. He was such a master of refined satire that it is sometimes impossible to tell whether he is satirical or serious. Some critics who have disputed his authorship of *Philopatris* have even claimed that he was secretly a Christian. This, however, though possible, is not very probable. But the story that he was torn by dogs for ridiculing Christianity is a fable. Outside of *Philopatris*, there is nothing which can be set down as an attack upon Christianity. Lucian calls Christ "the crucified sophist," but, however this expression may sound to our ears, it is not irreverent coming from him. Little is known of Lucian's private life, except that he was a dutiful and grateful son who provided for his parents in their old age. In his old age, his own means appear to have been limited, for he accepted a sinecure at the hands of the Roman Emperor. Lucian's fondest admirer among great modern writers is M. Ernest Renan. See Voltaire, *infra*.—*W. F. B.*

Pantheist is from the Greek, *pas, passa, pan*, all, and *theos*, God. It designates a person who believes that the material universe is God, or answers to God, as our bodies answer to ourselves; that is, God has the same relation to the universe as man's soul has to his body. This doctrine involves the eternity of matter.—*W. F. B.*

Lucretia.—Destructive critics of profane history are disposed to doubt everything from the Colossus of Rhodes to George Washington's hatchet. Now, they deny the story of Lucretia,

Collatinus and Sextus Tarquinius. Two thousand years from now they will deny the stories of Florinda, Count Julian and Roderick, the Goth. Gibbon has called attention to the resemblance between the two accounts. In two thousand years, they will claim that one was taken from the other. They could have no possible connection. It is like the claim that William Tell was a myth because Saxo Grammaticus tells the same story about somebody else. I would respectfully call attention to the story of Idomeneus sacrificing his son, as told by the later classical writers, and the story of Jephtha sacrificing his daughter, as related in the book of Judges. Will some destructive critic point out how one of these accounts could have been taken from the other? If we can trust the best chronology at hand, they could not have occurred more than twenty-five years apart. What connection did the Greeks have with the Hebrews?—*W. F. B.*

Paley, William (1743–1805).—Author, *inter alia*, of *A View of the Evidences of Christianity, Natural Theology and Horae Paulinae*. He enjoyed an immense popularity for nearly a century, but this was due largely to his style of writing, which was a transition from the Johnsonian style which prevailed in England before his time. His *Horae Paulinae* is a wonderful book. His *Evidences* is little more than an abridgment of Lardner, but it pays to read it.—*W. F. B.*

Rousseau, John James (1712–1778).—Deistical philosopher, is now chiefly known as the author of *Emile*, a work on pedagogy very popular among educators. He was also the author of *Le Contrat Social*—the gospel of the French Revolution—and many other works. He lived for many years with a coarse and ignorant woman whom he married before his death. Rousseau had by her five children. These he sent to the foundling hospital as soon as they were born. In his celebrated *Confessions*, to which he owes half his fame, Rousseau says:

"Let the last trumpet sound when it will. I will come with this book in my hand and will present myself before the sovereign judge. I will boldly proclaim: 'Thus have I acted, thus have I thought, such was I.' . . . Assemble around me the numberless throng of my fellow mortals; let them listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravity; let them shrink appalled at my miseries. Let each of them, in his turn, with equal sincerity, lay bare his heart at the foot of the throne, and then let a single one tell thee, if he dare: '*I was better than that man.*'"

Rousseau must have had supreme confidence in the depravity of the human heart. His expression comparing the death of Sokrates with the death of Christ is generally quoted as paraphrased by William Wirt in his *Letters of a British Spy*, and the paraphrase is an improvement upon the original.—*W. F. B.*

Theodore of Corsica.—Few men have been surrounded with such a halo of romance and mawkish sentiment as this man. Yet he was as great a vagabond as the notorious Count Johannes, but he still occupies a place in history. As is the case with every shifting adventurer, possessed of a fertile imagination, there is a great uncertainty as to the facts of his life. Theodore von Neuhof, the son of a Westphalian baron settled in France, was born at Metz about 1686. In his youth, Neuhof was a page of the Duchess of Orleans. Afterward, while a student at Cologne, he killed another nobleman in a duel and fled to Sweden. Here he ingratiated himself into the good graces of Görtz, the prime minister of Charles XII. Neuhof was employed in the secret foreign service. After the fall of Görtz, Othello's occupation was gone. The scoundrel duped Lady Sarsfield into marrying him. He robbed his wife of her jewels and fled from France to Italy, whence he sailed to Africa and acted for more than fifteen years as interpreter to the dey of Algiers. Neuhof succeeded in inducing the dey of Algiers and the bey of Tunis to furnish him with 4,000 muskets, two regiments, a little ammunition and money, under the pretense that he could conquer Corsica for those pirates. It is probable that he had turned Moslem during his sojourn in Africa. Neuhof sailed to Leghorn, where he met some Corsicans whom he told that, if they would recognise him as their king, he would deliver them from the tyranny of Genoa, and enlist the sympathies of Europe in their favor. In the month of March, 1735, Neuhof landed at Aleri. April 15, 1736, he was elected king, as Theodore I., a new constitution was formed, which he swore to support; he formed a court; conferred titles of nobility. The father of the historic Paoli was one of the recipients. The physical advantages which the rocky and mountainous island afforded and the enthusiasm of his followers, gave him a temporary advantage over the Genoese, and he played king for eight months, keeping up the courage of his new subjects by promises of foreign aid. A price was placed upon his head. Neuhof left the island under the pretense of hurrying up matters, and actually

obtained recognition by the Netherlands, and a loan from Jews in Amsterdam upon a promise of the monopoly of Corsica's trade. But Genoa, with the aid of France, conquered his kingdom. Theodore I. sought refuge in England. An attempt to regain his throne in 1745 proved a failure. Finally confined to a debtor's cell, he found a friend in Horace Walpole, who raised a subscription and obtained his release. Theodore Neuhof died in London, December 11, 1756. He was buried at Westminster.

The details of his career in Corsica remind one of Mark Twain's humorous account of the revolution in Pitcairn's island, or Daniel Pratt as candidate for President in 1876. Neuhof could speak many languages which had been picked up easily in his wanderings, but, aside from these, his attainments were not unusual; and his ability was ordinary. Neuhof had a knowledge of men and of the weaknesses of human nature; and his career is worthy of study as an example of what can be done with a glib tongue, a vivid imagination and a brazen effrontery. There is little doubt that George Washington or Frederick the Great, or even Shamyl, placed in the same situation as Neuhof, would have achieved the independence of Corsica. Owing to the facts that he belongs to the history of the island that gave birth to Napoleon; that the couplet on his tombstone has passed into a proverb; that he is mentioned in Voltaire's greatest work, will lend to the name of Theodore of Corsica a romantic immortality.—*W. F. B.*

Voltaire (1694–1778).—Poet, philosopher, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, the most distinguished Frenchman of the eighteenth century, and the greatest name in French literature, friend of Bolingbroke and Pope, was twice confined in the Bastille; released on condition of quitting France; chose England as his place of exile; afterwards spent several years at the court of Frederick the Great; *protégé* of Catherine II. of Russia, who possessed the knack of finding apologists among the literary men of her day; lived for twenty years (1758–1778) at Ferney, department of Ain, on the Swiss border, only four or five miles from Geneva; like William Shakspeare, was a successful business man. Voltaire was a deist, skeptical on almost everything but belief in God. In a sickness supposed to be mortal, he prepared and subscribed the following statement:

"I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition.—*Voltaire.*"

Voltaire attacked Christianity in the same manner as Lucian assailed paganism. Writing as though he were an orthodox believer, he ridiculed the supernatural in a manner similar to Gibbon's celebrated fifteenth chapter. Gibbon took his cue from Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, and the resemblance between Lucian and Voltaire is too great to be accidental. The coarse simile of John Randolph would apply as a metaphor to Voltaire—he "shines and stinks." Voltaire lived for fifteen years with another man's wife during the life of her husband. This woman was Madame du Chatelet, the translator of Newton's *Principia*; and, as is evident from a letter written to her by him, just before their conventional separation, their relations were not altogether platonic. His biographers have passed lightly over this affair, because, forsooth, such things were fashionable in France, and the husband was satisfied. As though fashion could repeal, or consent to suspend the moral law. Others, apparently, think that people like Byron, Voltaire, George Eliot and Jim Bludsoe are absolved from obedience to the *Decalogue*. In this age of clean names for filthy things, their relation would be styled an affinity. It is such moral obliquity which makes literature dangerous to those whose characters are unformed. There is no doubt that Voltaire, when he thought he was about to die, sent for a clergyman, received the sacraments and signed a paper asking pardon if he had offended the church. But it is equally certain that he did this to escape the potter's field. Voltaire had been educated by the Jesuits, and, at the time of his most bitter attacks upon ecclesiasticism, he wrote to one of the encyclopaedists defending the Society of Jesus. He was dubbed Antichrist by contemporary Capuchins, denounced by Dr. Johnson as a felon worthy of Old Bailey and barked at by myriads of bipedal phyces whose names, even, are forgotten. On the other hand, Victor Hugo shaved the edge of blasphemy with, "Jesus wept and Voltaire smiled."

Voltaire's place in history is greater than his place in literature. And his influence, for good or for evil, will continue to the end of time. Was that influence good, evil or mixed? This question will be differently answered, according to the varying estimates which men may place upon a stable religious conviction, and their idea of reaching and obtaining the same. Voltaire's masked attacks upon the Bible are puerile, and his open attacks upon organised Christianity are misconceived. As the unjust

steward in the Gospel parable had naught to commend him but his cunning, so we find little to admire in Voltaire's strictures on Scripture but his wit. The popular knowledge of this man is limited to what is expressed in Cowper's lines :

"Who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn."

"The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew."

His *Henriade* was unduly praised by his contemporaries, who placed it beside the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*. This is absurd, but it was, nevertheless, an epoch-making book. *Henriade* is an epic poem with Henry IV., popularly known as Henry of Navarre, for its hero. The teaching of the sentiment of religious toleration is the purpose of this poem. It was translated into nearly every modern language and diffused the idea of universal toleration over Europe. By those who agree with Abbé Fleury and Marsilius of Padua that the dominion of the Church is spiritual only and that it can employ no coercive punishment, and by those who believe that secular governments are not paternal to the extent of controlling the religious opinions of subjects or citizens—by these, I say, Voltaire might be revered as the Apostle of Liberty. Such people might argue that the foolishness of intolerance has been demonstrated by the logic of events; that we behold in Italy and Spain the fruit of the Inquisition and in France the fruition of the policy of Charles IX. and Louis XIV.; that all three of these countries are honeycombed with unbelief, but that in Germany, the birthplace of Protestantism and the home of Rationalism, where Catholic laymen have been called upon to defend their faith, the Bishop of Rome finds his most efficient champions; that if a man's religion will not stand the test of investigation, there is something the matter—with him or his religion; that supporting Christianity with the secular arm weakens it. To those who believe that the church *de facto* is the church *de jure*, whether represented by a St. Thomas of Canterbury, John Calvin or Cotton Mather; that all governments are of divine ordination; that the two—Church and State—each in its sphere, are the joint guardians of the human conscience—to these, I say, Voltaire would appear as the evil genius of modern civilisation. These people might argue that the condition of France came about through the influence of Voltaire, Rousseau,

Diderot, d'Alembert, and their ilk; that it came because repressive measures were not adopted; that the Spanish inquisition was abolished in 1813, and that the condition of that country and of Italy is due to the free circulation of such books as Renan's *Vie de Jésus*; that heresy is a spiritual smallpox which the Church and State have the right to exclude by quarantine and suppress by enforced vaccination; that anarchy is political heresy, and that the government—even of free America—is proceeding against that by excluding anarchists and refusing to naturalise them; that, if that is just, why can we complain of a government where ninety-five per centum of its people belong to one church—which is established by law—for keeping out and suppressing heresy? That the laws against blasphemy, profanity and Sunday desecration, disguised under the specious plea of police regulation, are really anti-heretical in their nature and operation. These people might cite as a precedent, Paul's destruction of the books of magic and his striking a sorcerer with blindness. Voltaire was the product of his time. He was in the reaction against the repressive policy of Catharine de' Medici and Madame de Maintenon. The former has found two able apologists in Lingard and Balzac, but neither has convinced the humble writer that Catharine de' Medici was not what I have always believed her—the worst woman that any country or any age ever produced. The massacre of St. Bartholomew admits of no justification, excuse, apology or explanation. Madame de Maintenon, who persuaded her royal consort to murder and dragoon into exile 500,000¹ of his most loyal subjects, has been credited with sincere religious zeal; but her private correspondence shows that, like the howling silversmiths of Ephesus, she was moved by material interest. This persecution which involved the war of the Cévennes and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a State and not a Church persecution. Innocent XI. disapproved of it, but, not being on good terms with the French King, he solicited the good offices of James II. of England. But Louis Quatorze killed and exiled the Huguenots and thus got rid of a conservative class who, a century later, might have saved the head and possibly the crown of the Baker and the Baker's wife. If atheism is preferable to Protestantism, then Louis was justified by the result. Voltaire was a man of intense personal vanity, and could never remain silent when assailed. His *écrasez l'infâme*,

¹The number is uncertain.—*W. F. B.*

which he uttered in his wrath and which became his motto and the motto of the encyclopædists, had its birth in the fact that he was piqued at having some of his writings put under ecclesiastical ban. He had, before this, dedicated his *Mahomet* to the Bishop of Rome, and the Pontiff had graciously accepted the compliment. Voltaire was not by nature irreligious. In his *The Sage and the Atheist* he shows a great admiration for the Quakers, and only his advanced age kept him from settling in Pennsylvania. In his historical works, written in the middle age, he betrays little of his later declared opinions; and his account of the Protestant revolution is the most truthful and impartial which I have ever read.

Macaulay says in his *Essay on Frederick the Great*:

"Of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. . . . We can not pause to recount how often that rare talent was exercised against rivals worthy of esteem; how often it was used to crush and torture enemies worthy only of silent disdain; how often it was perverted to the more noxious purpose of destroying the last solace of earthly misery, and the last restraint on earthly power. Neither can we pause to tell how often it was used to vindicate humanity and toleration, the principles of sound philosophy, the principles of free government."

The reader who wishes to understand some of Macaulay's allusions, is referred to the articles *Calas*, *Crebillon* and *Desfontaines* in any good encyclopædia. His statement that Satan is Christianity is true, and true in the sense in which he meant it. If there is no Devil, Christ's death on the Cross was unnecessary, and even the existence of God himself becomes a matter of bootless academic speculation. See Lucian, *supra*.—*W. F. B.*

INTRODUCTION

The main text of this book was written in the form of a lecture and has been delivered many times. It was first delivered on the recommendation of George E. (now Professor) Condra of the State University, at University Place, January 18, 1903. Only slight and unimportant changes have been made to adapt it to this publication. Some notes have been added for elucidation of the text.

The theistic theory of the universe is more than an hypothesis; it is the only rational theory. The simple fact that ice is practically the only crystal which does not sink in water is sufficient evidence of design in creation. Every tyro in physics knows the terrible consequences which would follow if the contrary were true. Nature is governed by law; and that law implies a lawgiver is a truism.

The theistic theory once established, it is impossible to conceive of a supreme god who is not like even Capitoline Jupiter (Jus-Pater), the father of justice; and there is so much of injustice in this world that it seems certain that some time, somewhere, somehow—I know not when or where or how—there will be a balance struck between right and wrong. The anthropomorphical account of the judgment, given in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, is no more literally true than the parable of the ten virgins, contained in the same chapter. But judgment will come—a general judgment—and the ways of God to man will be justified.

Agnosticism itself is the strongest argument for supernatural religion. No question can equal in importance

man's relation to his creator. A century and a half ago Voltaire wrote :

“What am I? Whence have come? and whither go?
This men still ask, and this can never know.”

This briefly expresses the *credo* of every modern agnostic, and it is doubtful if in the search for truth of such earnest souls among the ancients as Sokrates and Cicero a more satisfactory result was reached. What stronger proof need we of the necessity of a supernatural revelation? Would a just and merciful God leave his children in the dark without a guide? Whether this guide be an infallible book or an infallible church, is a dispute between Augsburg and Rome and will not be here discussed. Both Augsburg and Rome accept the Bible as the word of God.

“We are living in an age of transition,” say the apologists for destructive criticism, but the truth is there is nothing new under the sun. Every poison heresy of this age has its prototype in the ages that are passed. Lucian was but the Voltaire of paganism; Heraklitus of Ephesus was the Büchner of his age; Protagoras differed but little from Herbert Spencer; Celsus wrote like a modern agnostic; Minot J. Savage stole his thunder from Bishop Colenso, who, in turn, took his cue from Richard Simon¹; and Washington Gladden is but the parrot repeating the stale and exploded criticisms of Porphyry and Theodore of Mopsuestia.

That Alexander read the prophecies concerning himself in the temple at Jerusalem, is as well-established as any fact in the life of the Macedonian. It is related by the nearest extant historian to Alexander's time and is

¹Richard Simon does not belong with the destructive critics.—*W. F. B.*

confirmed by the fact that some strong influence operated to prevent Alexander from accepting the advice of Parmenion to divide the empire with Darius.¹ But a few of the savants of cyclopaedias and magazines jumped at a few Greek words appearing in the text of the Book of Daniel like a black bass at a minnow. Alas, for the intellectual indolence of the age! Men and women who will read the superficial outpourings of flippant miscalled critics have never looked within the pages of Origen and Pusey. There is absolutely no reason for assigning the Book of Daniel to the age of Antiochus Epiphanes. The few Greek words which appear in the text are the names of certain musical instruments and prove nothing, except the strong probability that the instruments were received from the Greeks and brought their names with them, as we of the West have received "maverick," "corral," and "ranch" from our 'Texan and Spanish-American neighbors. In both cases commerce transmitted nomenclature.

Our friend Doctor Draper tells us, in substance, that the pyramids stood as long before the time of Jacob as Christ lived before Draper wrote his *Intellectual Development of Europe*, and that the hieroglyphics inscribed thereon bespeak a long development of the art of writing. But his syllogism rests upon a false premise—the assumption of the correctness of the chronology of the Archbishop of Armagh. Because Usher was the political pet of that royal pedant, James Stuart, his chronology was placed in the margin of the English Bible, but it is no more a part of the Bible than is the table of contents placed at the head of a chapter. John Denison Baldwin says:

¹This message from Darius came before the visit to Jerusalem.--*W. F. B.*

Any system of chronology that places the creation of man only about four thousand or five thousand years previous to the birth of Christ is a mere scholastic fancy, an elaborate absurdity. There is nothing to warrant it and not much to excuse it. Those who profess to find it in the Bible misuse and falsify that book.”¹

And now come the critics of the New Testament to inform us that the Gospels were written two or three centuries after Christ, that most of the epistles were not written by the persons to whom they were ascribed and that the Apocalypse or Revelation of John has no place in the canon. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, wrote an elaborate work against heresy about A.D. 180. In this book, he speaks of the four Gospels as a modern geographer might speak of the four continents, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Irenaeus was born in Asia Minor and remembered and had associated with Polycarp, a disciple of the Apostle John. This bishop tells us that Matthew published “a written Gospel among the Hebrews in their own language,” that Mark, Peter’s disciple and interpreter, “did himself also publish unto us in writing the things which were preached by Peter”; that Luke, too, the attendant of Paul, “set down in a book the gospel preached by him”; that John put forth his Gospel “while he abode in Ephesus in Asia,” and Irenaeus informs us that John did not die until after the accession of Trajan, A.D. 98. Polycarp was burned A.D. 169 and Irenaeus was at least nineteen years old at the death of Polycarp. Of the integrity of his statements there can be no question. But the Gospels contain internal evidence of their own authenticity. Matthew’s Gospel was certainly written before the destruction of Jerusalem, September, A.D. 70. Read the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of

¹ *Prehistoric Nations*, pp. 26, 27.

Matthew, remembering the Jew looked upon Jerusalem as the Roman regarded Rome, as an eternal city; and our Saviour speaks to his disciples apparently with this assumption. The event showed that the assumption was not verified in the sense in which the Jews understood it. Now, a counterfeiter, writing at a later date, would not have failed to offer some explanation such as is offered in John, second chapter, twenty-first verse. The writers of the Gospels were familiar with the geography of Palestine, the customs of the Jews and the language of Judea; such knowledge as they possessed could hardly have been acquired by men who were not to the manner born.¹

2. The genuineness of the epistles of Paul and the Acts are proved to a moral certainty (hardly less than the demonstration of a proposition of Euclid) in Paley's *Horae Paulinae*. This book, read by few and almost forgotten, puts this question beyond all doubt. Indeed, the authenticity and genuineness of the Acts of the Apostles is better established than the genuineness and authenticity of Caesar's *Commentaries*, and this by evidence internal and external.

3. The Apocalypse or Revelation of John was certainly written by some person upon the Isle of Patmos. The writer's figures are taken from surrounding geographical objects, and the hail mentioned in xvi, 21, "every stone about the weight of a talent," was, probably, suggested by the volcanic stones hurled from a neighboring island upon Patmos at the time of a great earthquake which took place here in the reign of Domitian and at the probable time of John's banishment. In the writer's humble judgment, controversialists have been at fault in regard

¹The reader is referred to Lardner, *Credibility of the Gospels*, a book which never was and never can be answered.—W. F. B.

to this book. Like some critics who have sought for everything in Shakspeare, these speculative exegetists have interpreted the number of the beast into everything from the Bishop of Rome to Martin Luther. It seems plain to the present writer that Caesar Nero was meant and none other. The Scarlet Woman was clearly Pagan Rome. Most of the figures relate to things past and present, and very little of it is prophecy.¹

There is room for a very interesting work on the "Accidents of History." One of the most important personages in the last century of American history was a jury lawyer unknown to fame until he delivered a nominating speech at a national convention. The choice for this task was because of his living distant from the candidate whom he nominated. This candidate failed of nomination, but the nominator was placed in the field as a campaign orator in the interest of the successful candidate. Prior to all this, this lawyer had published certain atheistical tracts entitled "Ghosts," "Gods," etc. And the political opposition reprinted these tracts and circulated them wherever the aforesaid orator was assigned to speak. His fame spread abroad throughout the land, and for the next twenty-three years of his life, 1876-1899, he spoke to crowded houses and gathered in shekels galore. In a material sense, his life was success. But its influence has been pernicious. It is a sad commentary upon the superficiality of our countrymen that such a man, without learning or philosophical training, by force of his coarse and flippant wit, could have produced such a change as has been produced in this country in the last

¹From chapter I., verse 1, it would seem that the book is prophetic, as doubtless portions of it are. The writer is not so presumptuous as to attempt the interpretation of this book.—*W. F. B.*

generation. But all this is easily explained. This man succeeded not by his own strength, but by the weakness of his adversaries. The vicious practice of exempting church property from taxation has filled the land with churches; and the almost equally vicious practice of the gratuitous education of clergymen has supplied these churches with men of inferior ability and attainments. Cheap comedians and sensational actors¹ have taken to the pulpit instead of the stage. The man from Peoria might be fitly compared to the doughty Don of La Mancha charging a flock of sheep. The shepherds attacked him with their slings; he came out slightly disfigured, but still in the ring. Some of his assailants were able men, but the result was little more than a free advertisement.

The opposition of science, falsely so-called, has been sufficiently treated in the discourse which follows this introduction.

We are told that Christianity is a failure because it has not made a conquest of the world. It sometimes seems a matter of regret that the Abrahamic Aera used by Eusebius was not adopted and retained by the Arabians, Jews, and all Christians. It might have served as a common bond of union. Three thousand eight hundred twenty-seven years ago this great man left the polytheistic civilisation of Chaldea that, withdrawing from pagan contact, he might preserve uncorrupted in his own family and descendants the primitive belief in one God. The Abrahamic religions—Christian, Jew and Mohammedan—now embrace a substantial majority of the human race. God never revealed the whole truth to Abraham. His idea of the Almighty was anthropomorphic, and it is

¹For example, T. DeWitt Talmage and his protégé, Samuel Porter Jones.—*IV. F. B.*

doubtful if he had any conception of a future state. All of his followers are monotheists, but, like their great father, all of them do not possess the whole truth. In this respect, a comparison may be drawn from the light of the sun falling upon the earth. In the central zone the vertical rays fall; in the temperate zones there is a deflection, till we reach the frigid zones, where dwells the darkness of unbelief. A short arctic summer reveals the light of truth, but invincible ignorance conquers, and fetichism and atheism settle down upon those unhappy men for whom repentance was not appointed. As one reflects how the spiritual children of Abraham have misunderstood and slaughtered one another, he is reminded of the Big-endian war in *Gulliver's Travels*.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century, there lived in a forest near Paris a witch, weird as the woman of Endor or one of the hags who met Macbeth upon the heath. One night a fierce storm arose. The huge trees about the hovel moaned like the prophetic oaks of Dodona; the prone-descending rain beat against the side of the hut and trickled from the thatched roof. The feeble rush light flickered and flickered—the plaything of the tempest. Anon, a loud knock was heard at the door, and the hag opened it for a youth whose dress showed him to be of noble blood; his name was Henry. The woman sat before him a simple meal of black bread, cheese and spring water. Another knock and another Henry entered, also of noble blood. Another knock and a third Henry entered, he, also, of noble blood. Hunting in the forest, they had all been overtaken by the storm and had sought refuge here. “To whom does this repast belong?” cried one. “To me,” said the first, “because I came first.” “To me,” said the second, “because I am the

oldest." "To the one who can best defend it," said the third. All assented, and drawing their swords fought like gladiators till the water was spilled, the bread and cheese trampled in under foot, and the floor of the hut bathed in the blood of the combatants. Each of the young men burst into a loud laugh. But the woman fixed her evil eye upon them:

"As you have met in this place, so shall you be united in one common fate; as you have deluged this hut with blood, so shall you deluge France; and as you have trampled under foot this repast which hospitality prepared, so shall you abuse and lose that power which you might have shared."

These young men were Henry de Guise, assassinated by the order of the king December 23, 1588; Henry de Valois, assassinated by James Clement, August 5, 1589; Henry de Bourbon, assassinated by Ravallac, May 14, 1610. This tale carries its own moral. Believers in supernatural religion can be a unit against the common enemy, without the surrender of any essential principle.

This little book does not purport to be a life of Jesus Christ. Go to Farrar and Fouard for that. But I can not close this introduction without calling attention to a book published three years ago by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, *The Trial of Jesus* by Giovanni Rosadi. (This is the book from which most of the popular lectures on "the trial of Jesus" have been cribbed.) Every man, woman, and child, but certainly every lawyer, should read this book. The prefatory introduction is particularly gratifying for its onslaught upon criticism which is not high and upon height which is not criticism.

In the discourse which follows, search not for plagiarism of thought or word. "There is nothing new under the sun." Forget the writer. If this little work has

caused you to turn your eyes upon the subject of this discourse, he is content.

W. F. B.

Hartington, Nebraska, November 25, 1907.

THE HISTORICAL MAN OF NAZARETH

‘If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead.’

—Luke, xvi., 31—*Douai Version.*

The story of the rich man and Lazarus is familiar to every school boy. I shall waste no time in the bootless speculation as to whether this story is a parable or something else. In either event, to my mind, it conveys the same truth.

The Master tells us there was a certain rich man who fared sumptuously every day; that a certain beggar lay at his gate covered with sores. His food was the crumbs that fell from the rich man’s table; his only nurses, the dogs that licked his sores. The beggar died and was carried by angels to Abraham’s bosom. The rich man died and was buried, and in Hell lifted his eyes, being in torment; and seeing Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom, he asks the Father of the Faithful to send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and touch it to his parched tongue. But this poor boon is denied the wretch. Lost though he is to all hope, natural affection still remained. The sequel shows that the retention of this instinct only made his torment the more terrible. He entreats Abraham to send Lazarus to his father’s house that this messenger from the dead may warn his five brethren that they come not to this place of torment. Abraham replies that his brethren have Moses and the prophets. The lost one cries out with the energy and agony of despair:

“Nay, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.”

How must Abraham's answer have sounded to the condemned man?

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead."

The mental experience of all men is nearly the same. In words of the poet:

"The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think."

Probably each person has said within himself: "Could I have seen the miraculous drought of fishes; could I have seen water changed to wine; could I have seen Jesus walk on the sea of Tiberias, heal the leper, feed the multitude, or raise the widow's dead son to life, I would then be troubled with no doubts."

It will be my purpose to show that we of this age have more evidence of the divinity of Christ than did his contemporaries.

In the outset, let me honestly state the alternative: you must believe all that was ever claimed for Jesus Christ by the most sanguine believer and all that Jesus Christ taught, or you must believe him a worse impostor than Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet. Now, what is claimed for Jesus? The most intimate friend he had on earth wrote concerning him:

"In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made."

Jerome's rendering of the first four words of John's Gospel should be contrasted with this rendering of the first seven words of Genesis, in order to get their true significance.

"In principio erat verbum"—"In the beginning was the Word."

"In principio Deus creavit coelum et terram"—"In the beginning God *created* the heavens and the earth."

There is a maxim of lawyers:

"Contemporanea expositio est optima et fortissima in lege"—"A contemporary exposition is the best and strongest in law."

In construing any writing the circumstances under which it was written are the strongest evidence. It is a matter of history that John wrote his Gospel to refute the Cerinthians, who claimed that Christ was a created being—simply a virtuous man.

"In the beginning *was* the Word; and the Word was with God; and the Word was *God*; the same was in the beginning with God. By him were all things made; and without him was not anything made that was made."

A lawyer in drawing a bond could not use stronger language than John uses:

This is what is claimed for Jesus. His most intimate friend could hardly have been mistaken in what Jesus claimed for himself; and he testified his sincere belief in that claim by facing death in the boiling cauldron.

Now, what did Jesus teach? The New Testament is the best commentary upon the Old; and Jesus Christ is the best commentator. He puts the seal of his approval on the Old Testament when he says, "I come not to destroy, but to fulfil." He verifies his resurrection by the miracle of Jonah¹ and the whale. He verifies his coming to judge the world by the Noachian Deluge. It is the rankest nonsense to say that he referred to those events as anything but historical facts. Imagine the greatest

¹Unbelievers and destructive critics have made themselves merry at the expense of this prophet. The story, though remarkable, is hardly a miracle, if we accept Pascal's definition of the word. I would refer any inquiring mind to dissertation on Jonah and Paul at end of volume.—*W. F. B.*

Teacher the world ever saw stultifying Himself with expressions like these: "As it was in the days of Sinbad the Sailor so shall it be in my day." That is to say, "Sinbad lied and I am lying, too." "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh for a sign; but there shall no sign be given them, but the sign of Baron Munchausen. I will prove by the Prince of all Liars that I am telling the truth."

Further, Jesus taught that a certain portion of the human race would be eternally damned. "These shall go away into *aionion* punishment, but the just into life *aionion*." Oh! how many of these half-breed Christians—neither fish nor fowl—I have heard get up and display their little smattering of Greek by expatiating on that word *aionion*. "Why," they say, "it does not necessarily mean eternal." Bless their lilliputian intellects! Of course it does not; and no Greek scholar ever claimed it did. I can find things in the Bible described as *aionion* that did not last as long as I have lived. But, can you believe, without doing violence to every rational rule of construction, that Jesus Christ used that word twice in one sentence, and meant one thing in one use and another thing in the other use? If so, your credulity is greater than mine. If the punishment of the reprobate is not eternal, the reward of the just is not.

To sum up: you must either believe that Jesus was God, the Creator of all things; you must accept as true the doctrines and miracles of the Old Testament and the doctrine of eternal reprobation; or you must condemn Him as an impostor.

If Jesus Christ was an impostor, he was a most peculiar one. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, Alexander Dowie, and every other fake, have followed imposture for what there is in it; and have found it profitable. Jesus lived a

life of toil, suffering and self-denial. At the time of his death he probably did not have to exceed 120 followers. He predicted his own fate and suffered death by the ignominious method of execution reserved for Roman deserters and runaway slaves. Is not the hypothesis that he was an impostor contrary to all human experience? I might stop right here with a case made out; but I have set out to prove this matter to a demonstration; and shall be as good as my word. There will be no begging of the question; nothing will be assumed in my premises as to the divine or even supernatural nature of Jesus. That he had an historical existence may be assumed as an admitted fact. A quarter of a century ago there were those who even denied this; but they have gone into the limbo of oblivion, along with those who claimed that the monks of the middle ages wrote the *Aeneid of Vergil*¹, where they will soon be followed by the ingenious people who claim that Bacon wrote the Shakspearean dramas.² These facts can be gathered from profane writers and will be generally accepted:

About 1900 years ago (the exact date can not be fixed nearer than six years³) there was born somewhere in Palestine a Jewish peasant, who had reached mature age when he began to preach a new and singularly pure doctrine. He was reported by enemies, as well as by his friends, to have performed prodigies—all of these in the line of doing good—none of them descending to the vulgar level of the juggler or magician. At the end of a short ministry, he was, on the indictment of the Jewish

¹ See note 1, p. 104.

² See note 2, p. 104.

³ Perhaps not nearer than eight—between B.C. 6 and A.D. 2. His age at his death was between thirty-one and forty-one years.

Synedrium,¹ crucified by the order of the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate. The career of this man, thus briefly summarised, has been ignored or passed over lightly by contemporary historians.

Josephus was born at Jerusalem, probably eight years after the death of Christ. It is almost certain that his immediate ancestors were engaged in compassing that death. In Josephus' history of the Jewish wars, there is a passage which expresses a half-belief in the divinity of Christ. This passage is found, exactly as it reads in our copies, in the oldest extant copy of Josephus—the one in the monastery on Mount Sinai. Yet, I am inclined to the belief that, if it is not altogether spurious, it does not appear in the exact form in which it was written by the Jewish historian. It is very improbable that the man who, as we believe, went to Rome and instigated Nero, through his Jewish wife, Poppaea, to persecute the Christians, ever wrote these words concerning the founder of Christianity: "Now, there was about this time, Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man."² Tacitus, who was eight years old and lived in Rome at the death of St. Paul, passes over the career of Jesus with a single dash of the pen. Speaking of the Christians, he says: "*Auctor nominis ejus Christus, qui, Tiberio imperante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.*"—"The originator of this name was one Christ, who, Tiberius being emperor, by the pro-

¹It is claimed by certain Jewish writers that there was no Synedrium or Gerusia at the time Jesus was condemned, it having been abolished by Herod B.C. 37, and not restored (by Agrippa) till A.D. 41. There appears to be Talmudic authority for this statement, but Josephus, who shows no desire to spare Herod, is silent as to the abolition of the Synedrium. Pontius Pilate was deposed by Vitellius, proconsul of Syria, A.D. 36. Jesus must have been crucified before that date.—*W. F. B.*

²See note 3, p. 104.

curator Pontius Pilate, suffered death." There can be no doubt of this passage; even Gibbon concedes it. Sixty-five years after the death of Jesus Christ, Pliny, proconsul of Bythinia, is writing to the emperor Trajan, trying to explain who these Christians are. Yet this earthly life of Jesus Christ, almost ignored by the wise man of his day, taken as an entirety, is the greatest event that ever happened or ever can happen in the history of the human race. The history of civilisation before Christ was a preparation for his coming. The history since that time has been its sequence.

More than fourteen centuries before Jesus was born at Bethlehem of Judea, Balaam, the son of Beor, uttered his prophecy which, in my humble judgment, is the sublimest poetry in the Bible outside the Book of Job.

"And there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel."

The tradition of this prophecy, says Origen, was preserved among the Gentiles. We even read in Confucius of a wise man who would arise in the West. In Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, we learn that such a teacher was predicted by Sokrates, one who would teach the ultimate truth. And when we read in St. Matthew's Gospel of the wise men coming from the East and inquiring: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East and are come to worship him," it seems like a green shoot sprouting from a grain of corn taken from the sarcophagus of a mummy three thousand years old.¹

But I had forgotten to mention, what you already know, that there are men who deny the supernatural character

¹This figure was used by Bishop Hare, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a sermon preached at Niobrara, Nebraska, Eve of Epiphany, 1879.—*W. F. B.*

of the Old Testament. They say that the Pentateuch and the greater part of the Old Testament were written during the seventy-years captivity. They forget that proving that Ezra wrote the five books attributed to Moses could not, in the least, affect the question of divine inspiration. The Holy Ghost could inspire Ezra as well as Moses. The question is not who wrote the book, but did the Holy Ghost inspire the writer? I presume it is quite unnecessary for me to say that I believe Moses wrote the Pentateuch, except the account of his own death.

If Ezra wrote the Pentateuch, he wrote the Decalogue. Where did he get that law? A Jewish captive in a land where the national religion required every woman, at least once in her lifetime, to offer her chastity in the temple of the Goddess of Love.¹ A land that did not have a chaste woman in it—if in such a land Ezra wrote the command, “Thou shalt not commit adultery,” where, I repeat, did Ezra get that law? But we can not devote too much time to these people; life is too short.

The name of Alexander of Macedon should never be spoken in terms of praise. He deserves to be classed with Atila and Jenghis Khan² rather than Hannibal and Gustaf Adolf. He was an ancestor worthy of the freebooters who captured Miss Stone. Yet Alexander was the pathfinder of Christianity. His conquest spread the Greek language as a medium for the transmission of the Gospel. The Roman with his good roads and religious indifference was another preparation for the coming Messiah.

The Resurrection of Christ is the miracle of miracles. Prove this, and you have established the truth of Christianity. There is better proof of the Resurrection of Jesus

¹See note 4, p. 105.

²This is perhaps too severe. Voltaire says that Alexander built more cities than he destroyed.—*W. F. B.*

Christ than there is of the battle of Thermopylae. Three hundred Spartans withstood five million Persians at the pass between Mount Aeta and the Malian Gulf. When 299 of the 300 had perished, the bodies of 20,000 Persians lay slain about them.¹ The story is improbable. The only original authority for this story is the Greek historian, Herodotos, who was four years old when the event took place, and was not an eye-witness. Yet nobody ever doubts Thermopylae as an historical fact.

A man is crucified. His heart, or at least the pericardium, is pierced with a lance; he is buried; in thirty-six hours he rises from the dead. We have two witnesses, Matthew and John, who testify to this from personal knowledge. But you say that this thing is more improbable than Herodotos' account of Thermopylae: the account of the Resurrection is unaccountable, contrary to all human experience, and so forth. There are many things that are unaccountable. Place ice at 32 degrees Fahrenheit over a fire, and this water will absorb 142.65 degrees of heat without raising its temperature before it melts; is not this unaccountable? We have hypotheses galore, from Black's theory of quasi-chemical combination to the modern theory of conferred potential energy; but they are all mere theories—nothing more. Again, is it not unaccountable that ice is the only crystal that will not sink in water; and equally unaccountable that water expands at the boiling point as well as at the freezing point? In fact, the resurrection of the dead is no more remarkable than the mystery of life itself.

It is contrary to human experience. This is Hume's argument. Richard Whately, adopting Hume's premises and pursuing his logic courageously, made it appear very

¹ See note 5, p. 106.

improbable that Napoleon Bonaparte ever had an historical existence.¹ But I must not digress too far.

There is one argument which will establish the fact of Christ's Resurrection beyond a reasonable doubt. Let me illustrate. Suppose when the supreme court and both branches of the legislature are in session, and your governor is attending to the duties of his office, some anarchist blows up the capitol with dynamite and leaves the State without a constitutional government; and after we have been delivered from this undesirable state, the new State government sets apart January 20th as a day of fasting and prayer that Almighty God will forever deliver us from the terrible scourge of the anarchist; that two thousand years hence, some critical historian would dispute the fact that the state capitol was ever blown up. His contemporaries could refute him by pointing to the observance of the 20th day of January as a fast day. Would it have been possible for the fast to have been established at the time, if the event had not taken place? Why, the man who proposed it would have been sent to the mad-house.

Within two months of Christ's Resurrection, his followers began to observe the first day of the week in memory of that event. They have continued the observance ever since. Sunday is a witness to the Resurrection not to be impeached.²

If we accept the miracle of the Resurrection, it is an easy matter to believe in his miraculous birth. In fact, such belief follows as a logical sequence from the Resurrection and ascension. Some wise men remind us that of the Gospel writers two—Mark and John—make no mention of the miraculous conception. I have absolutely

¹See note 6, p. 106.

²See note 11, latter article.

heard the statement made—and have seen it in print—that Matthew is the only one who mentions it. Those people must have read Luke in a hurry. There was little need for John to enter into the details of the miraculous conception after he had declared Christ to be God the Creator. It is true that Mark makes no mention of this miraculous birth. Horace Greeley, in his *American Conflict*, the history of the Slave-Holders' Rebellion, does not mention the raid made by Confederate refugees in Canada on St. Albans, Vermont. I remember something of the St. Albans raid, and should like to be alive 2,000 years hence to hear people say that it never took place, because Greeley says nothing about it.

But we have a stronger proof yet of the supernatural and divine character of Jesus Christ. Now, my friends, this is the situation. Jesus Christ was a Galilean peasant; by human means, he never learned to read and write¹—“How knoweth this man letters having never learned.” He had no political power or prestige. He uttered these prophecies :

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.”—Matthew, xxiii., 37-38.

“Thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side.”—Luke, xix., 43.

“Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming in which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps that never gave suck.”—Luke, xxiii., 28-29.

¹Since this was written the author's opinion has been considerably modified, but a full discussion would require a treatise. But see Luke, iv., 16-18 ; John, viii., 8.—*W. F. B.*

"And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh."—Luke, xxi., 20.

"And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."—Luke, xxi., 24.

"When ye, therefore, shall be the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet . . . Then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains."—Matthew, xxiv., 15, 16.

At the time these prophecies were uttered, their fulfilment was highly improbable. Judea was a province of the Roman Empire and had been such for about a hundred years. The Romans never interfered with the religion of any nation. The Jews were exempted by Julius Caesar from the payment of taxes during the Sabbatical year. Their relations with the Empire were, on the whole, pleasant. No human prescience could have foretold what Jesus prophesied.

Let us see how well these prophecies were fulfilled. A little over thirty years after they were uttered the Jews broke out in open rebellion against Rome. History hardly records a more foolhardy attempt. The combat between the Briton and the Boer was not so unequal. Cestius, a Roman general, invested Jerusalem. The Jews were in his power. He suddenly raised the siege and retreated. History contains nothing more remarkable than this conduct of Cestius. The Jewish historian, Flavius Josephus, says—these are his exact words: "He retired from the city without any reason in the world." The retreat was without doubt providential. As soon as Cestius was gone, the Christians, remembering the words of Jesus, "And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, know ye that the desolation thereof is nigh." "Then let them that are in Judea flee into the mountains," fled from

the city to Pella in the mountains beyond Jordan. Here they founded a church, the ruins of which remain to this day. The Jews, to whom this particular warning had not been delivered and who would have rejected it had it been, remained and perished. This flight of the Christians after the retreat of Cestius is the best evidence that Christ uttered that prophecy. When the Roman general Vespasian reinvested the city, there was not a Christian in it. How obdurate must be the unbelief of any man who will deny Christianity in the face of such evidence. Verily, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead.

But the fulfilment of these wonderful prophecies does not end here. Jesus said, "Your enemies shall cast up a trench about you and keep you in on every side." We learn from Josephus that Titus, who succeeded Vespasian in command of the Roman army before Jerusalem, surrounded the city with a wall, and reduced the poor Jews to the utmost extremity of famine. Of the Jews 1,100,000 were slaughtered during the siege.

I will not dwell longer on this phase of the fulfilment, but will simply ask you to read the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, and then read the twelfth chapter of the fifth book and the sixth book of Josephus' *Wars of the Jews*.

After the destruction of Jerusalem and the scattering of the Jews, the city remained a ruin for sixty years till it was rebuilt by the emperor Hadrian. The name of the city was changed to Aelia Capitolina. A heathen temple was erected.

About the year 363, Julian, commonly called the Apostate, determined to rebuild the temple of the Jews on Mount Moriah, and to invite the Jews to return to the

Holy City. Julian committed this work to his minister and close friend, Alypius. What Julian's motive was I do not attempt to define. He may have acted from motives of state policy; he may have been actuated by sentimental regard for Jews, coupled with a dislike for Christians; or, as is generally charged, his purpose may have been to falsify the prediction of Jesus Christ. But we know, and that by pagan as well as by Christian authority, that Alypius, under the direction of Julian, tried to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem and did not succeed. The Jews themselves were invited to take part in the work. Every one knows how enthusiastic the pious Jew has been to restore the Holy City and the worship of the temple. This is proved by the Zion movement of our own day. The Jews had then a better opportunity to rebuild the temple than they had in the days of Nehemiah. There were plenty of wealthy Jews there and they had substantial backing, the head of the Roman Empire. No ordinary occurrence would have put a stop to the work. Now, what was in the way of restoring the Holy City? Simply the word of a Nazarene carpenter, crucified more than three hundred years before. He had said, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate"; and all the power of the Roman emperor could not break that prophecy. But I am getting ahead of my story. What happened down there at Jerusalem? I will quote my author; and he is not a Christian. We pass by Chrysostom, Ambrose and Gregory Nazianzen, who told this same story and defied contradiction. Ammianus Marcellinus, Julian's private secretary and biographer, wrote:

"Cum itaque rei fortiter instaret Alypius, juvaretque provinciae rector, metuendi globi flammarum prope fundamenta crebris adsultibus erumpentes fecere locum exustis aliquoties operantibus

inaccessum; hocque modo elemento destinatus repellente, cessavit inceptum.—*Ammianus Marcellinus*, xxiii, 1.

Translation.—"When accordingly Alypius vigorously pressed the work, and the governor of the province assisted, fearful balls of fire, breaking out near the foundations by frequent and repeated attacks, made the place inaccessible to the blasted workmen; and this having been so determined by the repelling element, the undertaking was abandoned."

Edward Gibbon, who, by the way, never wrote or spoke a word for Christianity, closed his account of this transaction with these words, "Such authority should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind."¹

About six months after this event Julian was killed. It is related that he caught the fresh blood flowing from his wound in the palm of his hand; and, hurling it toward heaven, he cried, "Take thy fill, Galilean; thou hast conquered; but still I do renounce thee."² Whether he said this or not, he might have said it very appropriately.

I was once talking with a young woman tinctured with agnosticism. She asked what proof I had of the truth of Christianity; I told her this story of the prophecy of Christ and Julian's attempt to rebuild the temple. She looked into my face with her honest brown eyes, and asked, "If that is true, sir, why does any one doubt the truth of Christianity?" I said to her as I say to you, *I do not know*.

Two hundred and fifty-one years after this remarkable event Jerusalem was taken by the Persians; fourteen years thereafter it was retaken by the Roman emperor, Heraclius; nine years thereafter it was taken by the Mohammedans under Caliph Omar. The followers of the Arabian prophet held it in undisputed possession till near

¹ See note 7, p. 107.

² See note 8, p. 107.

the close of the eleventh century. It was literally trodden down of the Gentiles. In the year 1095, Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade. A more successful orator never lived. All of Christian Europe was on fire with holy zeal. Remember at this time Russia was barbarian and Spain was Mohammedan, as Turkey is to day. The bishop who presided over Rome's comprehensive see offered a plenary indulgence to every soldier who would enlist. An army of 300,000 men under the first soldier¹ of Europe followed the standard of the Cross and invaded Asia to fight for an empty sepulchre. It is true that, after four years of war, they took Jerusalem, and went through the form of setting up a kingdom. But they never took root there, and after 196 years of almost continuous warfare—seven crusades—the attempt to deliver Jerusalem was abandoned. Why was this attempt unsuccessful? All Europe was never as firmly united since the breaking up of the Roman Empire. Italian, German, French, Scotch, Englishmen, fought under one standard, "Deus vult"—"God wills it." They had the stimulus of religious zeal, the moral prestige of the see of Rome. Northern nations have almost always conquered southern. Witness Rome and Carthage; Rome and the Northern Barbarians; the North and the South in the late war. What stood in the way? Surely it was not the Saracen, no, indeed—the simple word of the Man of Nazareth, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles till the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

Let me pause to say a word of Mohammed. Understand that I do not stand here as the advocate of Islam. But it is my firm belief that the Arabian was as much an

¹The learned Jew Rashi is said to have told Godfrey of Bouillon that he would fail.—*W. F. B.*

instrument in the hands of God as was any man that ever lived. The Arabian prophet and the succeeding caliphs conquered Arabia, subjugated Egypt, and drove the fire-worshippers¹ from Persia. In this vast area, equal to the ancient dominion of Darius, the Mohammedan caliphs tolerated no man who did not believe in one personal God; and that Moslem Empire stood as an impregnable wall against the encroachments from the East of Brahminism and Buddhism. We have had a taste of it since the religious congress of 1893, in theosophy—so-called.

To sum up: Jesus Christ claimed to be God the Creator. This claim being a matter in which he could not have been self-deceived, it follows that he was either what he claimed to be or an arrant impostor. He could not have been an impostor because (1) the admitted history of his life was inconsistent with the career of an impostor; (2) his coming was authentically predicted fourteen hundred years before the event took place, and such a prediction was beyond the power of man; (3) the cardinal miracle, the Resurrection, which is no more wonderful than admitted natural phenomena, is proved by two witnesses and by the institution of the Lord's day; (4) the divinity of Christ is proved by prophecies which he uttered, which were beyond the power of human prescience, and their fulfilment is a part of the world's history; they have been continuous miracles with all the world for witnesses; (5) the proof of Christ's divinity takes the whole Bible with it.

Now, methinks, the truth of Christianity is established. For what do they ask you to throw your Bible over the transom? A few years ago the old-fashioned infidelity of Thomas Paine was in vogue. It is about a third of a century since a number of passengers were riding in an

¹This is a slander. The Parsi^{*} does not worship fire.—*W. F. B.*

old-fashioned stage coach. Among them was a young man, one of those tremendous fellows, in his own estimation, who was trying to ridicule the Bible as a mass of fairy tales and priestcraft. He was holding up the story of David and Goliath, and trying to make it appear absurd. No one replied. An old Quaker was in the coach. Turning to the broad-brim, the stripling inquired: "Old man, what do you think of a boy throwing a stone and breaking through a giant's skull?" The disciple of George Fox replied: "Indeed, friend, I should think it nothing strange were the Philistine's head as soft as thine." But that kind of infidelity has nearly died out. The man from Peoria fanned the dying embers for a time. But now he is gone.

We now have to face the opposition of science, falsely so-called. Ah! how many times have I heard some fellow who could not tell black tourmaline from old red stone, who could not name the satellites of Jupiter to save his life, who could not separate botanically a dandelion from a sweet potato, who did not know whether Christ was crucified on Calvary or shot at Marathon,¹ laying down the astounding proposition that science demonstrated that the world could not have been made in six days. There is no such statement in the Bible. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." When was the beginning? This is no invention of modern theologians. I have often wondered why the early fathers of the church have been so neglected. In the writings of the fathers, there is a complete answer to the six days theory, written by Origen fifteen centuries before the science of geology was discovered. Now, I have studied all physical sciences as you are studying them now. But

¹This last is a paraphrase on the man from Peoria.—*W. F. B.*

with geology I have had some practical experience. It was circumstances over which I had no control that kept me from following that science as my life work. Do you wish to know what I think of it? Bishop Watson compared a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant's back laying down theories in regard to the whole internal anatomy of the vast animal from the phenomena of the hide.¹ This is the cutest and justest comparison I ever saw.

A third of a century ago geologists accepted the theory that the earth was a huge ball of fire covered by a shell thinner accordingly than an egg-shell; that we lived on this shell and were rushing through space at the rate of $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second. They had the authority of the great Humboldt. Better still, they proved their theory by the uniform increase of heat toward the earth's centre. Now, any man who would advocate that theory would be laughed-at.² The objector tenders proof by

¹The strata of the earth reveal its history with great fidelity for long periods previous to the present, but earlier than that the record is indistinct, and if we attempt to follow it back to the beginning, the indistinctness merges into extreme obscurity. The rocks at the base of the known sedimentary series are so greatly disrupted, crumpled, crushed, metamorphosed, and traversed by intrusions that their history is deciphered with the greatest difficulty and no little uncertainty, while below these lie the inaccessible interior of the earth, whose formation constitutes a still earlier chapter in the history. The nature of this inaccessible mass can only be inferred from volcanic intrusions, the transmission of seismic tremors, the phenomena of gravity, the distribution of frigidity and of internal heat, the modes and processes of deformation, and other phenomena of a more or less dynamic kind. All these phenomena have their bearing on the problem of the earth's origin, but just what they imply can not be interpreted without some measure of reasonable doubt.—*Chamberlin and Saulsbury, Geology*.

²See Humboldt, *Cosmos*, volume I., pp. 170, 171, for a brief statement of John Cleves Symmes's theory of the hollow sphere of the earth; also *Atlantic Monthly*, volume XXXI, page 471. It is easy to brush a theory aside as *unscientific*, but although it is a

the laws of physics that, were the earth a liquid sphere with a shell of steel 300 miles thick, this shell would be snapped into fragments in a second of time, probably not by force of the earth's own motion, for its spherical form would protect it from that danger, but by the attraction of the other heavenly bodies.

I have stood upon three of the highest summits of the White Mountain range in northern New Hampshire. Within fifty feet of the summit Moosilauke the mountain is encircled with a bed of marine shells, and upon the rocks near the summit are scratches or abrasions, all pointing south 2 degrees east. Upon the prairies of Nebraska I have seen thousands of erratic boulders, popularly called niggerheads, of different composition from the soil. These facts and others convince us that the North American continent, or a greater part of it, was once covered with a glacial mass drifting south with slight inclination toward the east.¹ Here fact ends, and fancy begins. What caused this glacial invasion? "A change in the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit," says one; "an increased eccentricity of the orbit itself at aphelion," says another. About a fourth of a century ago a Belgian professor advanced the theory that, as ice was accumulating about the south pole, and, owing to ocean currents, it was not accumulating about the North Pole, the time would come when the earth would lose its equilibrium, tilt over, and we would enjoy a wholesale ice freshet; civilisation would be wiped out; only people who happened to be on highest points of land would escape; and these would repeople the earth.

bold hypothesis, based upon arbitrary speculation, it has no greater difficulties than anything science has yet offered.—*W. F. B.*

¹This is true only east of the Great Lakes; to the west of them the drift is in another direction.—*W. F. B.*

The Belgian claimed that this had occurred already fifteen times in the history of our planet. The last was in the days of Noah. Whether this is a plausible way of accounting for the ice age I shall not stop now to inquire.

But there is another class of speculators who say that ages ago, our great-great-very great—the Lord knows how great—grandfather was what Plato or Diogenes would call a wingless biped; that when this great mass of ice came slipping down from the North Pole, its advance guard was an immense cloud of vapor caused by melting ice. This condensed and fell in rain, and our poor great-great-very-great-forefather did not have an umbrella or macintosh, and poor old ma—I mean monkey—ran into a cave to get out of the wet. By and by, the ice arrived; and it got so cold he invented clothes to confine the animal heat and keep himself warm. He blundered around and discovered that by rubbing a piece of hard wood against a piece of soft wood he could get up a fire, and then he began to cook his food.¹ Nobody knows how many years he lived in that cave. But by and by our great-great-great-not-quite-so-great-grandfather moved out of the cave. It was warmer weather outside. The ice was all gone. But he had got so used to living under cover that he built himself a hut. So he kept on by repeated evolutions till he turned up a Wilberforce, a Wesley or a Vincent de Paul. If you call this stuff science, you might call the *Arabian Nights* science. We wonder that the Egyptians, with all their civilisation, worshiped a bull, and created a temple to the monkey-god. What will people say of us three thousand years from now?

¹Man is an animal that cooks his victuals.—*Burke*.

Now, it may be that monkey pedigree is reconcilable with the theistic theory. But it can not be reconciled with the divine mission of Jesus Christ. If a man has been redeemed and is being redeemed by sexual selection and the survival of the fittest, let us never again pray:

“By thy agony and blood; by thy cross and passion; by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension, Good Lord deliver us!”

Oh! can it be the words my infant lips were taught to lisp are a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

“Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?”

My materialistic friend—you that deny that there is a spirit in man—chemists tell us that four-fifths of the human brain is water; the other fifth is made up of albumen, fat, phosphorus, osmazome, acid, salt and sulphur.¹ You believe that from this conglomeration came Newton's *Principia*, Homer's *Iliad*, and the Venus Medici. Sit down at your table; in a vessel of water put fat meat, the brown substance from roast beef, table salt, vinegar, the white of an egg, then whittle in the business end of a few lucifer matches, and you have the chemical composition of the human brain. Could you, by devoting your life to the task, produce a brain out of that material? All your boasted science has never localised the principle of life or solved the mystery of thought. You say you believe in force and matter. What is force? Have you ever seen it? Have you ever touched or handled it? I will tell you what it is. It is another name for your ignorance. You deny the miracles of the Old Testament, the miraculous conception of Christ, the mir-

¹The Frenchman Vanquelin, 1812. Since then other chemists have extracted ethyl-alcohol and saccharine.—*W. F. B.*

acles which he wrought, his Resurrection, when you can not explain the phenomena of your own little brain that makes these denials. Read and study the Book of Job, where in the last act of that great drama God speaks out of the whirlwind and says to Job and his friends, in substance, Why do you discuss my government of the world, when you can not explain the ordinary instincts of animals? And, my materialistic friend, when you will tell me what makes the difference between anthracite coal and diamond, which have the same chemical composition, it will be time enough for you to discourse on this law of nature that you are always prating about—this law that nobody made. Neither you nor I know as much about the law of nature as a Kickapoo Indian knows about the Constitution of the United States.

There are some things proper for a man to investigate, others which it is impertinent and blasphemous for him to try to solve. St. Augustine was asked by a skeptic, "What was God doing before he made the world?" The stern old African replied: "Creating hell, sir, for priors into his mysteries."¹

Do I reject science? No, it is the handmaid of religion. The great discoveries in science have been made, not by unbelievers, but by Christians. Copernicus, Galileo and Kepler were all sincere and devout Christians. Geology was discovered by a Christian. The first successful observation of the transit of Venus was made by a clergyman of the English Church. A bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church has written the best popular handbook of astronomy ever published. The man from Peoria

¹I have not the Latin text before me. As I now remember, the following would be a fair rendering: "I do not know; I will not say that He was creating Hell for priors into his mysteries."—*W. F. B.*

could not have written the book. He did not know enough.

I said that science was the handmaid of religion. The Gospel narrative of Christ's passion is proof positive. In those days, among the Jews, with their extreme doctrine of ritualistic uncleanness, the science of anatomy had practically no existence. Were a physician called upon to testify as to the cause of a certain person's death, and he had to depend for his diagnosis upon the personal knowledge of an ignorant nurse, and the nurse in describing the symptoms described blood poisoning, the ignorance of the nurse would be additional evidence of the truth of the ultimate fact. The physician would say, and justly, "She is too ignorant to have made up this story, yet the facts are a perfect description of blood-poisoning." Now, the more ignorant you prove the evangelists the more valuable their testimony. Luke was the only one of them possessing technical knowledge, and he possessed no personal knowledge of the facts. It is certain that the Saviour did not die from crucifixion. Why? First, we have every reason to believe that he was a strong, vigorous man. He had worked at manual labor till he was of mature age; he passed most of his time in the open air; his assault upon the money changers in the temple shows that, without the use of a miracle, he was the physical match for a host. Being thus vigorous, there was no reason why he should die sooner than others who were crucified in ancient times. The crucified lived for a long time, not infrequently four or five days. There is some misunderstanding, even among the learned, as to this method of punishment. It is true that the victim was nailed by his hands and feet to pieces of wood crossing each other at right angles, but the weight of the body rested upon a bar of wood projecting from the upright.

Death resulted from nervous exhaustion from being kept in one position. No doubt tetanus or locked jaw sometimes intervened, though the symptoms of that terrible disorder have never been described by any ancient writer. Christ was arrested a little before midnight, and by nine o'clock, by the summary method of dealing with provincials who could not appeal to Caesar, he was hanging upon a cross; at three o'clock he was dead. There is another reason which might be advanced to show that death was not the result of crucifixion. It is a well-known fact that a person of fortitude will survive much longer than a weakling. The alleged "Reverend" Mr. Abbott, who the supreme court of New Hampshire decided was not entitled to be called a Protestant,¹ says the Saviour showed a lack of fortitude. If a man about to have his leg amputated would refuse to take chloroform, would he be accused of want of fortitude? When in ancient times a person was crucified, it was customary to give the condemned man a cup of medicated wine, either to impart fortitude or produce intoxication and consequent stupor. When this drink was offered to Christ he refused it, and met his death with divine fortitude. Throughout his trial and execution he showed the utmost firmness and self-possession. He died, beyond question, of heart-rupture preceded by diapedesis, or the oozing of the corpuscles of blood through the blood vessels without rupture. Heart-rupture is medically described as follows:

"The immediate cause is a sudden and violent contraction of one of the ventricles, usually the left, and the column of blood thrown into it by a similar contraction of the corresponding auricle. Prevented from returning backward by the intervening valve, and not finding a sufficient outlet forward in the connected artery, the blood reacts against the ventricle itself, which is con-

¹Hale vs. Everett, 53 N. H., 9.

sequently torn open at the point of greatest distention or at least resistance, by the influence of its own reflected force. A quantity of blood is thereby discharged into the pericardium, and having no means of escape from that capsule, stops the circulation by compressing the heart from without, and induces almost instantaneous death. The blood in the pericardium separates into its constituent parts.”—*Stroud, Physical Cause of the Death of Christ.*

Diapedesis and heart-rupture are things of rare occurrence. They are caused by the most intense grief. Voltaire¹ tells us that Charles IX. of France died of blood-sweating, from remorse for the wholesale murder of St. Bartholomew. Among other symptoms of heart-rupture is the uttering of a piercing cry at the moment of the rupture. Every Sunday school boy has in mind the cry of our Lord, “*Eli Eli, lama sabacthani*”—“My God, My God, *for what* hast thou forsaken me.” After the soldier had dipped the sponge in poska, the common drink of the Roman soldiers, and pressed it to the lips of the dying Saviour, the Gospel tells us that Jesus cried with a loud voice and yielded up the ghost, and when another soldier pierced his side the separated parts of blood flowed forth in the form of blood and water. If time would permit, I might show a score of Old Testament prophecies that were fulfilled by this manner of Christ’s death.

Young men, you are nowhere safe from the poison of unbelief. But, as you go forth into the world, you will hear men say: “Well, if a man thinks he is right, he will be all right.” On the same principle, if I go to the B. & M. station, get on the train with the intention of going to Hastings, and the train happens to be headed for Omaha, I will land in Hastings because I think that I am going there.

¹See note 11, p. 109.

Young man, remember this: God has given to every man sufficient grace for his salvation. The belief that Almighty God ever foreordained the damnation of a human being is not only unworthy of a Christian, but it would scandalise a respectable pagan. God gave Peter efficacious grace, but he gave Judas sufficient grace. The unpardonable sin was not in selling his Lord for \$23.70¹; it was in the fact that he despaired of God's mercy and went and hanged himself. No, I repeat, God never created any man for the purpose of damning him.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared"—not for you—"for the Devil and his angels."

Remember, again, in this matter we have been discussing, no man will be deceived, unless he wants to be deceived.

Young men and young women (I have used men before in the generic sense), you will be poorly equipped for life if you are not prepared to defend your faith against the most improved methods of Satanic warfare. When you meet one of the literary unbelievers who tells you the synoptic gospels are not good Greek, freely admit it. If you do not, he will have the best of you. Tell him that the first three evangelists did not write good Hellenic Greek. They did not write like Xenophon, like Plutarch or even like Josephus. They wrote as Matthew, Mark and Luke would write. Then ask your critical friend to consider the little toddling child upon the sidewalk. It walks by its own strength; but the guiding hand of the mother is behind to take care that it does not stumble and fall.² So these evangelists wrote with

¹ See note 9, p. 108.

² A figure used by Thomas Bonacum, R. C. Bishop of Lincoln.

their own individuality, but guided by God's spirit, and they could not fall into error.

I do not believe in keeping everything away from a boy. Let him read Paine's *Age of Reason*, but make him read Watson's reply. It would hardly pay him to waste his time with the trash of the man from Peoria, for that hasn't even literary merit. Let him read Colenso *On the Pentateuch*; but have him read Pusey as well. Give him the *Historical Jesus of Nazareth*. Then give him Paley's *Horae Paulinae*. Have him study it, as he would study Euclid; and that boy will go forth to the battle of life with a faith that is invincible.

We live in a materialistic age. America now is as Rome was in the century immediately preceding the Christian era, as France was in the last half of the eighteenth century. That elegant, erudite and genteel trimmer, Marcus Tullius Cicero, in his philosophical works, argues for the immortality of the human soul. But we learn from his private correspondence that his belief was not firm. Gaius Julius Caesar, high priest of Rome, stood up in the Roman senate to declare that to die was *dissolvere cuncta mala mortalium*—to dissolve all the evils of mortals; neither is there any place beyond it for care or joy—that is to say, physical death is the end of man.

In France Rousseau and Voltaire¹ had taught mankind that the religion of Jesus Christ was but a fable. This avowal had for its logical outcome the worship of Reason and the Reign of Terror.

In this age of ours, when man is wise above what is written; when Genesis has been revised by the uncertain light of geology; when wise men have put protoplasm

¹ See note 11, p. 109.

in place of God, and a chimpanzee in place of Adam; when the Gospel of the Nazarene, according to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, is pushed aside to give place to the *Gospel of Dirt*, according to Darwin,¹ Tyndall, Haeckel, and Büchner; when a large minority of our educated countrymen are agnostic; when the sophomore and the drayman, alike, can repeat by rote the anarchistic ravings and atheistic rant of Johann Most and the coarse blasphemy of the Peorian; when that green, slimy, slippery frog which men miscall higher criticism has hopped up the church aisle and sits upon the pulpit cushion; when Hell is reduced to a skating-rink; when so-called clergymen are guilty of a grievous contempt of court by presuming to sit judgment on the eternal justice of God—we can say to these critics and scoffers what Bishop Watson said to Thomas Paine:

“The Bible, sir, has withstood the learning of Prophyry, and the power of Julian, to say nothing of the Manichean Faustus; it has resisted the genius of Bolingbroke, and the wit of Voltaire,² to say nothing of a numerous herd of inferior assailants; and it will not fall by your force. You have barbed anew the blunted arrows of former adversaries; you have feathered them with blasphemy and ridicule; dipped them in the deadliest poison; aimed them with your utmost skill; shot them against the shield of faith with your utmost vigor; but, like the feeble javelin of aged Priam, they will scarcely reach the mark, will fall to the ground without a stroke.”

¹ See note 10, p. 108.

² See note 11, p. 109.

NOTES ON THE HISTORICAL MAN OF NAZARETH

NOTE 1.—John Hardouin, a French Jesuit, born in 1646, died September 3, 1729, published a work in 1693 and 1697 in which he maintained that none of the ancient classics were genuine except Homer, Herodotos, Cicero, Pliny the Elder, the *Georgics* of Vergil and the satires and epistles of Horace; that the others were fabrications and had no existence until less than a century before the Renaissance; that the *Aeneid of Vergil* was an allegory of the progress of Christianity. See an article by the present writer in the *Atlantic* for April, 1897.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 2.—The late Ignatius Donnelly, the ablest advocate of the Baconian theory that ever lived, was the intimate personal friend of the present writer. I revere his memory, but reject his theory. A book as interesting as the elder Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* might be written on "Disputed Authorship." The Rev. Joshua Barnes (1654–1712), an Englishman and a Cambridge scholar, wrote an elaborate work, still preserved in the archives of Cambridge, in which he maintained that Solomon wrote the *Iliad*. In justice to the author, let it be said that it is doubtful if he ever credited his absurd theory. It is probable, rather, that the book was written to persuade his pious and wealthy wife to furnish the means for him to publish an edition of Homer which he had prepared. A book was published by Senator Moody of Kansas to prove that Thomas Paine wrote the *Junius Letters*, and this theory has been defended by William Henry Burr of Washington. Shades of Lord Sackville and Sir Philip Francis!—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 3.—Jacob Bryant, a Cambridge scholar, born at Plymouth, England, November 14, 1715, died 1804, was private secretary to the Duke of Marlborough and was with him in Germany. By the substantial favors of his patron's family, he was raised above pecuniary want and devoted the remainder of his life to the study of abstruse scriptural and classical questions. Byron alludes to him with covert sarcasm in *Don Juan*, canto IV., stanza 76, line 4. But his name is almost forgotten. Bryant wrote, among other things, *Vendiciae Flavianaë*—a defense of Josephus'

testimony in regard to Christ. To this work of real value, most rare and not easily obtained, the reader is referred for arguments in favor of the genuineness of the passage of Josephus found in the text. I have said in the text that the ancestor of Josephus was almost certainly engaged in compassing Christ's death. His father, Matthias, was a priest at Jerusalem.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 4.—Herodotos relates the following concerning the Babylonians:

"The most disgraceful of the Babylonian customs is the following: Every native woman is obliged, once in her life, to sit in the temple of Venus, and have intercourse with some stranger. And many disdaining to mix with the rest, being proud on account of their wealth, come in covered carriages, and take up their station at the temple with a numerous train of servants attending them. But the far greater part do thus: many sit down in the temple of Venus wearing a crown of cord round their heads; some are continually coming in and others are going out. Passages marked out in a straight line lead in every direction through the women, along which strangers pass and make their choice. When a woman has once seated herself, she must not return home till some stranger has thrown a piece of silver into her lap and lain with her outside the temple. He who throws the silver must say thus: 'I beseech the goddess Mylitta to favour thee,' for the Assyrians call Venus Mylitta. The silver may be ever so small, for she will not reject it, inasmuch as it is not lawful for her to do so, for such silver is accounted sacred. The woman follows the first man that throws and refuses no one."—Book I., 199, translation from Baehr's text.

This is confirmed by an allusion in the *Book of Baruch*, who was private secretary to Jeremiah:

Mulieres autem circumdatae funibus in viis sedent, succendentes ossa olivarum. Cum autem aliqua ex ipsis, attracta ab aliquo transeunte, dormierit cum eo, proximae suae exprobrat, quod ea non sit digna habita, sicut ipsa, neque funis ejus disruptus sit.—Chapter VI, 42, 43, of *Jerome's Vulgate*.

"The women, also, girded about with cords, sit in the ways, burning the stones of olives. But when one from themselves, having been drawn away by some passenger, lieth with him, she upbraideth her neighbour, because she was not held worthy, like herself, nor had her cord been broken."—*Translation*.

Baruch wrote about a century before Herodotos.

Here we have two writers, a Greek and a Jew, who could have had no possible connection with each other and nothing in common. There is no reasonable probability that Herodotos had ever heard of Baruch. In his history he nowhere mentions the Jewish nation. It is true that the German Ewald thinks that all the

Book of Baruch after the eighth verse of the third chapter was written by an Alexandrian Greek, between 360 and 350 B.C., nearly a century after Herodotos had read his history at the Olympian festival. But his argument is an example of *petitio principii*. If the Alexandrian Greeks wrote all that the destructive critics attribute to them, they must have been a hive of busy bees. If they wrote so much, how did so much escape the burning of the Alexandrian library? There is, in my humble judgment, no doubt of the genuineness and authenticity of the *Book of Baruch*. Its place in the Canon is a matter of dispute between Canterbury and Rome and will not be discussed here.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 5.—The entire force with Leonidas during the first two days of the fight was, probably, about 7,000. After the betrayal of the mountain path by Ephialtes, many of the allies deemed discretion the better part of valor and retired. Between the divergent accounts of Diodorus, Herodotos and Pausanias, it is not easy to determine the exact number of fighting men that remained. Excluding Helots and Thebans, there were 300 Spartans and 700 Thesbians, 1,000 in all. Four thousand Greeks perished during the entire three days' fighting.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 6.—This work of Bishop Whately's was a *reductio ad absurdum* and was a reply to, or rather prose satire on, David Hume's *Essay on Miracles*. Hume is a philosopher hard to answer, because his premises are the basis upon which every rational man acts in the ordinary affairs of life. His reasoning has the same foundation as the science of probabilities. It is what insurance companies act upon; experience shows that one house in fifty burns; experience shows that of 100,000 persons ten years old of equal health and environment 749 will die the first year, 746 the second, and the number will decrease each year until the twenty-fifth year, when it will remain stationary four years at 718, then the annual mortality will increase till at the end of eighty-five years three old men will remain at the age of ninety-five; and on such experience is based the value of the risk. Hume's reasoning appealed to the ordinary mind and has kept busy doctors of divinity for more than a century. But Whately stole silently into his citadel and spiked every gun. While Napoleon was living prisoner at St. Helena, he wrote *Some Historic Doubts Relative to Buonaparte*. He follows Hume's reasoning with great exactness. This work is not only of interest, but of

value; and it is strange that it has not been more widely read.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 7.—John David Michaelis, a German biblical scholar of the eighteenth century, has given an ingenious explanation of the defeat of Julian's attempt to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem. It was suggested by a passage in Tacitus, *History*, V., 2, 12, which speaks of subterranean excavations under the mountain upon which the temple was built. The theory of Michaelis is that, during the 293 years between the destruction of the temple by Titus and the attempt to rebuild it by Julian, flammable gas had generated in the caverns; that the workmen employed by Alypius, using torches for exploration, set fire to this gas. Guizot, in a note to the twenty-third chapter of Gibbon, elaborates upon this theory of Michaelis and apparently approves it; he cites, in support of its probability, the experience of Herod at the tomb of David described in Josephus, *Antiquities of the Jews*, XVI., 71. Milman, apparently, was of the same opinion as Guizot; he follows him with a less elaborate note on the same subject. But Libanius speaks of an earthquake which accompanied these balls of fire, at each attempt to rebuild. Now, Libanius was a pagan attached to Julian. Chrysostom says that the balls of fire came from the new and partially constructed walls. If either statement is correct, Michaelis's hypothesis is hardly tenable. I have not repeated the marvels about the sign of the cross appearing in heaven and upon the garments of the workman. No writer who relates these prodigies was an eye-witness, and I give the relation no credit.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 8.—The story of Julian's death, so often told, is too dramatic to be true. This tale and the statement that Count Volney prayed in a storm on Lake Erie are two stories for which I have been unable to find any original authority. Like the romance on the death-bed repentance of Paine, the Scotch verdict is the limit of its merits. At least ninety-nine of a hundred die with absolute indifference. The historical examples of Sokrates, Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Cranmer and Madame Roland—pagan, Catholic, Protestant and freethinker—ought to convince one that a man's religion, or want of it, has little to do with the manner in which he meets his death. The latter may attest his sincere belief in the former, but it oftener testifies the inherent force of human nature or his own personal fortitude. A religion

resting on no firmer basis than the manner in which any number of men meet death is a structure built on sand.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 9.—The thirty pieces of silver received by Judas were probably either thirty tetradrachmas or thirty Maccabean shekels. If the former, the value was that stated in the text. The value of the shekel in the time of our Saviour would place the equivalent of thirty of these at \$15.35. The argument in favor of the shekel is that it was the current coin among the Jews, save in the payment of Roman taxes, and that the price of a man servant was thirty shekels. Exodus xxi. 32. This seems like a small price, but the purchasing power of money two thousand years ago and its purchasing power in this age stand approximately in the ratio of 100 to 1. The penny (German pfenning) was the only coin generally current among the ancient Saxons.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 10.—The monkey theory of man's origin obtains credit from its eccentric novelty. The pea-like excrescence on the rim of the human ear proves that man's ears were once peaked; and the vermiform appendix is a stomach gone into bankruptcy. Hence it is obvious, not only that man was once a prehensile quadruped, but that he chewed his cud. How these two theories can be reconciled, *quere*. A monkey has no vermiform appendix or anything that answers to it.

The Darwinian theory is as much of a misnomer as was the naming of the western continent after Americus Vesputius. The real originator of the theory was a Frenchman by the name of John Baptist Peter Anthony de Monet de Lamarck, born at Bazentin, Picardy, August 1, 1744, died at Paris, December 18, 1829. In 1809, appeared his *Philosophie zoologique*. In this book, Lamarck elaborated his theory of the development of animal functions, hinted at in an earlier work. He advanced the opinion that new organs could be produced in animals by the simple exertion of the will, called into action by new wants; and the acquired organs could be transmitted by generation. He believed in spontaneous generation, a theory toward whose establishment in a century of time, experimental science has made no nearer approach than is expressed in Jacques Loeb's sea-urchins, artificial fertilisation and chicken incubators. Darwin had the advantage over Lamarck of being a practical chemist and a master of detail. The Lamarckian theory was sufficiently answered by Hugh Miller in his *Footprints of the Creator*. But now comes the intervener,

a very reverend sir, with an answer which is a plea in confession and avoidance. The idea that man sprang from ape-like species may be reconciled with the Adamic narration. Man's body may have been made before his soul, and the soul may have been added and man thus made immortal.

Formavit igitur Dominus Deus hominem de limo terrae, et inspiravit in faciem ejus spiraculum vitae; et factus est homo in animam viventem.—*Genesis*, caput II., 7, Jerome's *Vulgate*.

"Thereupon God formed man from the mud of the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of life; and man was made into a living soul."—*Translation*.

The theory is interesting, but it is timely enough to ask leave to amend and file this plea when the plaintiff has made out his case.

Alas! one hundred men have read Darwin to one that has read Miller.—*W. F. B.*

NOTE 11.—Page 102.—Voltaire himself was a theist and not an agnostic. At a banquet had at his house, d'Holbach and other atheists were combatting the existence of a God, when Voltaire arose and, turning all of the servants out of the room, locked the door, with the remark, "I would not have my valet cut my throat before tomorrow morning." In his philosophical romance *Candide ou l'Optimiste* he makes Pocourante say of Cicero: "I found he doubted of everything, I thought I . . . had no need of a guide to learn ignorance." Chapter XXV.

"Greece, we know, was the country of fables, and almost every fable was the origin of a doctrine, of a temple, and of a public feast. By what excess of madness, by what absurd obstinacy, have so many compilers endeavored to prove, in so many enormous volumes, that a public feast established in commemoration of an event is a demonstration of the truth of that event? What, because young Bacchus is celebrated in a temple issuing from Jupiter's thigh, Jupiter had really concealed Bacchus in his thigh? What, Cadmus and his wife were changed into serpents, in Boetia, because the Boetians commemorated such an event in their ceremonies? Did the temple of Castor and Pollux, at Rome, demonstrate that these gods descended upon earth, in favor of the Romans?"—Voltaire, *Philosophy of History*.

But these arguments, or illustrations, do not apply to the Resurrection. There is no evidence that any of these fables were celebrated immediately after the events were alleged to have taken place.—*W. F. B.*

DISSERTATION ON THE PROTOTYPE OF JESUS
AND HIS MESSENGER TO THE GENTILES
—THE TRIAL OF CHRIST CONTRASTED
WITH PAUL'S—JONAH BAR AMITTAI

There is one story in the Bible which has been chosen to point a moral or adorn a tale. In the estimation of the wit or the philosopher we meet in the public luncheon-house, the story of the prophet and the great fish is the Ultima Thule of human credulity; and a preacher's standing abreast or aback of "modern thought"—abused phrase!—is to be determined by his exegesis of the first two chapters of the Book of Jonah. If he regards the account as historical, he is set down as an old fogey and retired by the social club—miscalled a church—over which he presides. Now, I contend that this story can hardly be classed as a miracle. Pascal defines a miracle—I quote from memory—"An event exceeding the natural power of the means employed." To illustrate: there is nothing in human spittle mixed with clay which will cure congenital blindness. Elisha required Naaman to bathe in the Jordan, but natural water is not a specific for leprosy. So these cures can be classed as miracles. On the other hand, the afflictions visited upon the patriarch of Uz were in the due course of nature and human history. There is nothing miraculous about a hurricane or a band of robbers or the black erysipelas. The difference is that in one case God employs natural and the other supernatural means. These two terms—natural and supernatural—are simply names for our ignorance. There is some force in Rousseau's objection that we can not

point out an apparent miracle as an infraction of natural law till we know all the laws of nature. While the writer was an official in the state house of Nebraska, the workmen about the building were in the habit of moving across the carpets with shuffling feet and then lighting a gas jet with the index finger. On one occasion, they employed this means to be rid of a negro employee. The poor boy fled from the building in horror at what he regarded as demoniacal magic. It was a miracle to him. But how much ahead of that boy is Thomas A. Edison—except in the domain of purely relative knowledge. The boy called his ignorance witchcraft; Edison calls his electricity. But to return to Jonah: here is the biblical narrative:

“Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before me. But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord. But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken. Then the mariners were afraid and cried every man unto his god, and cast forth the wares that *were* in the ship into the sea, to lighten *it* of them. But Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship; and he lay and was fast asleep. So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not. And they said every one to his fellow, Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah. Then said they unto him. Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is upon us; What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou? And he said unto them, I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry *land*. Then were the men exceedingly

afraid, and said unto him, Why hast thou done this? For the men knew that he fled from the presence of the Lord, because he had told them. Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought and was tempestuous. And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest *is* upon you. Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them. Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said, We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood: for thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee. So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging. Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows. Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights. Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly, And said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, *and* thou heardest my voice. For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me. Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple. The waters compassed me about, even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head. I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God. When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple. They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving: I will pay *that* that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord. And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry *land*."

This account is referred to by Jesus Christ in the following manner:

"An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet

Jonas: for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's¹ belly: so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."—Matthew, xii., 39, 40; see also Luke, xi., 29.

Some people have claimed that the story of Jonah and the fish was taken from Arion and the dolphin. To show that there is little of similarity between the two, I subjoin the tale of Arion taken from Herodotos:

"Now Periander was king of Corinth, and the Corinthians say (and the Lesbians confirm their account) that a wonderful prodigy occurred in his lifetime. They say that Arion of Methymna, who was second to none of his time in accompanying the harp, and who was the first that we are acquainted with, who composed, named, and represented the dithyrambus at Corinth, was carried to Taenarsus on the back of a dolphin. They say that this Arion, having continued a long time with Periander, was desirous of making a voyage to Italy and Sicily, and that having acquired great wealth, he determined to return to Corinth; that he set out from Tarentum and hired a ship of certain Corinthians, because he put more confidence in them than in any other nation, but that these men, when they were in the open sea, conspired together to throw him overboard and seize his money, and he, being aware of this, offered them his money, and entreated them to spare his life. However, he could not prevail upon them; but the sailors ordered him to either kill himself, that he might be buried ashore, or to leap immediately into the sea. They add that Arion, reduced to this strait, entreated them, since such was their determination, to permit him to stand on the poop in his full dress and sing, and he promised when he had sung to make away with himself. The seamen, pleased that they should hear the best singer in the world, retired from the stern to the middle of the vessel. They relate that Arion, having put on his robes, and taken his harp, stood on the rowing benches and went through the Orthian strain; that, when the strain was ended, he leaped into the sea, as he was in his full dress, and the sailors continued their voyage to Corinth: but they say that a dolphin received him on his back and carried him to Taenarus; and that he, having landed,

¹The original Greek is *kētos*—seamonster.—*W. F. B.*

proceeded to Corinth in his full dress, and upon his arrival there related all that had happened; but that Periander giving no credit to his relation, put Arion under close confinement, and watched anxiously for the seamen; that when they appeared, he summoned them and inquired if they could give any account of Arion; but when they answered that he was safe in Italy, and that they had left him flourishing at Tarentum: Arion in that instant appeared before them, just as he was when he leaped into the sea; at which they were so astonished that, being fully convinced, they could no longer deny the fact. These things are reported by the Corinthians and Lesbians; and there is a small brazen statue of Arion at Taenarsus, representing a man sitting on a dolphin."--Book 1, 23, 24, *Cary's Translations from Baehr's Text*.

Lykophron's account of Herakles' adventure is undoubtedly taken from Jonah. Born at Cholkis in Euboea, Lykophron lived at Alexandria from 285 to 247 B.C. This was during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at the time the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament into Greek was completed, and it is as easy to see where his story of Herakles came from, as it is to see that Defoe got his prototype of Robinson Crusoe from the story of Peter Serrano in Gascilasco's History of Peru.

Now what have we here? A man in Palestine receives a divine command to go to Nineveh, but to avoid the commission, he starts for Spain. He ships, paying his fare in advance. At sea the ship is caught by a tempest. The passenger sleeps quietly in his berth till roused from slumber. His inward consciousness reveals the cause of the storm, which he discloses to the sailors, advising them to heave him overboard. We may ignore the casting of lots as a superstitious device of no significance. The humane sailors, loath to commit a homicide, struggle with the instinct of self-preservation and pull for the shore, but all in vain. They finally consign their passenger to the deep. He is swallowed by a sea monster, but after three days is disgorged and escapes.

Now, is there any miracle about the fish section of this narrative?

"Fish large enough to swallow a man have doubtless been found occasionally in the Mediterranean sea. The white shark swallows what it takes into its mouth whole. It is physically unable to divide its food piecemeal. Otto Fabricius tells us its wont is to swallow down dead or living men at a gulp. In 1758 a sailor fell overboard in the Mediterranean sea, when a shark took him in his wide throat; but the captain shot the shark and the sailor was rescued from his perilous condition without injury. The captain gave the man the fish, which was exhibited throughout Europe. It was twenty feet long, with fins nine feet wide, and it weighed 3,924 pounds. Blumenbach [teacher of the great Humboldt] makes mention of a white shark which weighed 10,000 pounds; and tells us that horses have been found whole in these monsters of the deep. A writer of the seventeenth century, on the *Fish of Marseilles*, says that men of Nice assured him they once took a fish of the *Canis Carcharias* family, 4,000 pounds in weight, in the belly of which a man whole was found."—*Dr. Pusey, Minor Prophets*.

Is the fact that Jonah remained alive for twenty-six hours, which would be three days according to the ancient reckoning—any more remarkable than a case of premature burial and resuscitation?

The learned writer in the Jewish Encyclopedia thinks the story of Jonah an allegory. His literary judgment is entitled to great respect. To that writer the word of Jesus Christ is nothing; to me it is everything.

SAUL OF TARSUS.

Since the Ides of March, B.C. 44, no man has lived whose career has left such an impress on the drama of the world's history as the one whose name is at the head of this section. Throughout the world there are spots sacred by association. Sinai, Carmel, Thermopylae, St. Helena suggest the names of Moses, Elijah, Leonidas

and Napoleon. Who can even see on the map the little ten-mile island, with the form of an hour-glass, which stands like a time-keeping sentinel in the passage between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, without thinking of Virginia Dare and Jennings Wise? The isle of Malta will be longest remembered, not because it shelters the lineal descendants of Hannibal, or because it was once the home of the Knights of St. John, but because it was the scene of Paul's shipwreck, described in Acts xxvii.

It is not the purpose to write the life of the great apostle to the Gentiles. Were such the case, the materials are few. Of the men who have done the most, we know the least. Sosigenes, who marks an era in chronology—who was he? Echo answers "Sosigenes." Alas! We know not if he be Greek or Egyptian. We can not tell where or when he was born. All we know of his life is from two short references in the *Historia Naturalis* of the Elder Pliny. But we do know that he proposed a calendar which with one amendment has endured to this hour, and which, like the Monroe Doctrine, has borne a Maverick brand—the Julian calendar.¹ Fortunately the great apostle to the Gentiles was attended during a portion of his career by an industrious and observant Syrian Boswell, who has preserved the record Acts, and given us in the third synoptic the Gospel as preached by Paul. We know that Paul was born at Tarsus—when we can not say; that he was educated at Jerusalem, where he had a married sister; that some extraordinary event turned him from a persecuting Pharisee to a zealous Christian; then we have his career as written in the Acts up to two years after his arrival in Rome. There are

¹It is now evident that Sosigenes, even, was not the author. The decree of Canopus—now in the museum at Cairo—shows that the principle was known in Egypt 238 B.C.—*W. F. B.*

thirteen of his epistles of undoubted authenticity. In II Corinthians, xi, 24-27, we have a part of his career summarised. Vague tradition is not infallible, but we may feel sure that Paul visited Spain; and that he was beheaded at Rome. A Jew once said to the writer, "Christianity would never have been heard of but for Paul." I replied, "What excellent judgment Jesus Christ showed in picking him out!" Paul was deeply versed in Jewish law, but there is no reason to think that he possessed the classic attainments commonly attributed to him. He possessed a most consummate knowledge of human nature. He would have made a statesman of the first order. When he got the Sadducees and Pharisees into a quarrel in the tumult in Jerusalem he showed as much tact as did Gaius Julius Caesar in playing off Pompey against Cassius in the Luca conference. In the opening speech at Mars Hill he is as tactful as Chesterfield could have made it. Put in modern parlance, it would read, "Gentlemen of Athens, I see that in all things you are eminently devout. For, as I passed along, and saw your devotions, I discovered an altar with this inscription: *To the unknown God*. Him whom you worship—without fully knowing him—I have come to explain to you." He had their ear at once. Then follows as clear an exposition of the grandest conception of pure theism, invincible ignorance and moral accountability to be found in any language. Paul was an orator, perhaps not as ornate as Burke or Tully, but fit to rank with Julius Caesar in concise forcefulness, judging by the comparison of what we find in the Acts of the Apostles and *Salust, Bellum Catilinarium*.

The address to Festus, Agrippa and Bernice is a gem. What Agrippa meant by saying "in a little, thou persuadest me," whether he was polite, serious or ironical,

or whether Paul himself understood him, I do not know, but I do know that never was a quicker turn made than was made in the reply. I can, in my mind's eye, see the prisoner of two years standing, his eyes shining like diamonds, facing luxury, power, ease and refinement: "I would to God that, both in little and in much, not only thou but those who hear could this day become altogether as I am, [holding his manicled hands above his head] except these chains."

To the fact that Paul could truthfully utter the talismanic words *civis romanus sum*, we owe the spread of Christianity over the Roman world. And now let us compare the trial of Christ with the trial of Paul and draw a lesson therefrom.

Christ was arrested a little after midnight by a posse and dragged before the high priest. A person who wishes to know what a mockery of justice this trial was should read Rosadi's book. It will suffice to say here that a space of less than fifteen hours is crowded with his arrest, his indictment, two changes of venue, his acquittal, his crucifixion by lynch-law and his death. Why? He was a provincial. Had Paul been a provincial, he would have fared no better.

But how is it with Paul? In danger of a mob, he is delivered by the commander of the castle of Antonia, who proceeded to try him on the strength of his nerves, when Paul informed him that he was a Roman citizen. Paul is forthwith sent to Caesarea with a military escort of 470 men to Felix. Here the pettifogger Tertullus appeared against him, and he was detained in prison two years—*habeas corpus* was not invented—till brought before Felix's successor, when the following brief dialogue took place:

Paul: "*Caesarem apello.*"

Festus: "*Caesarem appellasti? Ad Caesarem ibis.*"

And Paul was sent to Rome at government expense.

You will search history in vain for a more glaring contrast than is exhibited in the treatment of Christ and of Paul. There can never be any true liberty without absolute equality before the law. Americans take warning. Your danger is in the occult and insidious dry rot of judicial interpretation.

On the fourteenth day of August, 1889, a federal judge was traveling between Los Angeles and San Francisco, with a deputy United States marshal as an escort. At Lathrop they got off the train for breakfast. They were seated at the table, when a disappointed litigant, who had killed his man in a duel and knocked out the tooth of a United States marshal, approached the judge from behind and slapped him alternately on the side and back of the head as an old-fashioned pedagogue would slap an unruly school boy. The deputy marshal sprang to his feet and ordered him to stop. Turning his attention from judge to deputy marshal, the assailant started to thrust his hand into his own bosom, as if to draw a bowie-knife, when the deputy marshal fired two shots into his body, killing him instantly. No rational man can do otherwise than justify this killing. But this is not the question. As Gaius Julius Caesar said in his discussion of the case of the Catilinarian Conspirators:

"All precedents productive of evil have had their origin from what was good."

The deputy marshal was arrested under a process sued out of a justice court of San Joaquin county. The deputy marshal in turn sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* from the federal circuit court, and, upon hearing, was dis-

charged. 39 Federal Reports, 833. On appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, the judgment below was affirmed. The decision attracted little attention at the time. The man who was killed deserved his fate; the deputy marshal deserved his liberty; and what boots it how it was obtained? It is by just such carelessness that men are robbed of their rights and nations of their liberties. The decision was by a divided court. The majority opinion was upon the ground that in traveling from one session of court to another the federal judge was engaged in the performance of the duties of his office; that, while so engaged, he was under federal protection; that the deputy marshal did nothing but his duty in the line of his office, and could not be called to answer before a State court. The effect of the decision is to create two classes of people in this country of ours, one under federal jurisdiction, and the other under state; one set that can appeal to Caesar, like Paul, even before trial; and the plebeians or pariahs who are amenable to the State tribunals. No sophistry will avoid this conclusion. If a federal judge is engaged in official business when moving from one session of court to another, he is so engaged when writing an opinion or studying a case; ergo, a deputy marshal can, with impunity, break the heads of offending urchins who make a noise on the streets and disturb the cogitations of his honor. This official can police the city within earshot of the judge and supersede the municipal jurisdiction. I quote from the dissenting opinion in this case:

"If the act of Terry had resulted in the death of Mr. Justice Field, would the murder of him have been a crime against the United States? Would the government of the United States, with all the supreme powers of which we have heard so much in this discussion, have been competent to prosecute in its own tribunals

the murder of its own Supreme Court Justice, or even to inquire into the heinous offense through its own tribunals? If yes, then the slaying of Terry by the appellee, in the necessary prevention of such an act, was authorised by the law of the United States, and he should be discharged; and that, independently of any official character, the situation being the same in the case of any citizen. But if no, how stands the matter then? The killing of Terry was not by authority of the United States, no matter by whom done; and the only authority relied on for vindication must be that of the State, and the slayer should be remanded to the State courts to be tried. The question then recurs, Would it have been a crime against the United States? There can be but one answer. Murder is not an offense against the United States, except when committed on the high seas or in some port or harbor without the jurisdiction of the State, or in the District of Columbia, or in the Territories, or at other places where the national government has exclusive jurisdiction. The United States government being thus powerless to try and punish a man charged with murder, we are not prepared to affirm that it is omnipotent to discharge from trial and give immunity from any liability to trial where he is accused of murder."—*In re Neagle*, 135 U. S. 1, 98, 99.

The majority did hold that in a case where they could not convict, they, without the aid of a jury, could acquit. This decision is most vicious in principle and will be most vicious in its results. It was a flagrant act of judicial despotism.

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